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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK. . . . .	345	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Composer, Past and Present. By		The Olympic Games. By Sir Arthur	
The Mischief-Makers. . . . .	348	John F. Runciman. . . . .	355	Conan Doyle. . . . .	361
The Army Estimates. . . . .	349	The Teaching of Golf—II. By Filson		"Descended from Most of the Irish	
The Senate Against France. . . . .	350	Young. . . . .	357	Kings." By Michael Crowley. . . . .	361
Persian Railways and Persian Policy. . . . .	351	"De Orbe Novo." By R. B. Cun-		The Greek Fathers—Clement of	
		ninghame Graham. . . . .	358	Rome. . . . .	362
THE CITY. . . . .	352	One Face, Another Mind. . . . .	359		
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
The Empty Tomb. By the Rev.		A Home Army. By Lieut.-Col.		A Public-School Boys' Colony. . . . .	363
A. C. Headlam. . . . .	353	H. W. L. Hime. . . . .	360	"Those Holy Fields" . . . . .	364
The Truth About the Land—X. By		Pacifism. . . . .	360	Samarkand. . . . .	365
George A. B. Dewar. . . . .	354	Food Taxes. By E. A. Agar. . . . .	360	History with an Object. . . . .	365
The Exhibition Habit. By C. H.		By River Steamer in Austria. By		Employment Variations. . . . .	366
Collins Baker. . . . .	355	James Baker. . . . .	361	The "Wessex" Hardy. . . . .	367
		The New English. . . . .	361	NOVELS. . . . .	367
		"Byzantine and Romanesque Archi-		BOOKS ON ART. . . . .	368
		tecture." By Sir T. G. Jackson. . . . .	361		

*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Is the gentleman who writes articles for the "Daily News" on land and landlords under the title of "A Derelict Village" one of the secret investigators of the Cabinet's private inquiry department? It would be very desirable to know if he is, but the "Daily News" has preserved his anonymity and done penance for his libels on Sir John Ramsden and the management of his estate of Byram near Pontefract. The "Daily News" was ill-advised enough to take his lies for truth: the wish being father to the thought. To avoid the risk they should have handed the information to the Grand Inquisitor, Mr. Acland, and the scandals would have been spread without the sort of publicity which lands the scandalmonger in a libel action. Mr. Handel Booth was named in court as sponsor for the statements; but if he was, the "Daily News" has had no benefit of his guarantee.

Most of the stock charges against landlords that the Land Inquiry is out to collect were made against Sir John Ramsden. He had stifled the industry of a village prosperous through glassworks. He had closed them to protect his trees—not game, as it happens. Ruined cottages made another "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" desolate; he had prevented a sewage scheme by demanding exorbitant and prohibitive prices for land. In short he was exhibited as the standard bogey of Radical imagination; the tyrant who by means of iniquitous land laws can and does paralyse industry. And there was not a word of truth in the whole account, as the "Daily News" confessed. The Judge remarked that the publication of such things did a world of harm. Unionists should spread the report of this case broadcast.

Wednesday's proceedings in the "Matin" libel were little more than a formal exculpation of the plaintiffs.

The "Matin" had already apologised and withdrawn. But Mr. Samuel and Sir Rufus Isaacs could scarcely refuse this opportunity of clearing the air. They improved it to some purpose. Wednesday's evidence definitely closes a chapter of the Marconi scandal; but quite as definitely it opens another. The evidence comes to this—that neither of malice nor by accident has any member of the Government had any dealings with the British Marconi Company. But Sir Rufus Isaacs has dealt heavily in shares of the American Marconi Company. Moreover, he induced his friends, Mr. Lloyd George and the Master of Elibank, to come in.

The British and the American companies are distinct; and it is very difficult to judge whether the fortunes of Marconi patents in England could have any influence upon the fortunes of Marconi patents in America. Sir Rufus Isaacs' deal, in fact, was speculative. He "fluttered" in the Stock Exchange, and persuaded his friends to "flutter". The imprudence of this is clear; but it is not, in the light of the evidence, corrupt practice. Where Sir Rufus definitely went wrong was in neglecting in October last to take the House of Commons into his confidence. When he told the House that his telegram to the Marconi banquet on 7 March was "nothing else but congratulation", he should also have told the House that after sending it he bought ten thousand shares in the American Company. He told the House in October he was speaking the whole truth; but it seems there was more to come.

Might it not be better for Ministers of the Crown to keep clear of the Stock Exchange as a source of profit? Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George are paid high salaries, in return for which they are expected to keep themselves from even the appearance of evil. Sir Rufus seems distinctly uneasy about his deal in American Marconis—else why should he be so anxious to publish that he made nothing out of the transaction? It does not make the deal more innocent that the dealers were unsuccessful.

Colonel Weston has every right to pat himself on the back. He is unquestionably the man of the hour. In modern conditions for an independent man to be able

to head the poll anywhere is a great feat. So far we cannot help feeling a little sly satisfaction at Colonel Weston's personal score. And after all, from a political point of view it cannot really matter that a non-Tariff Reformer, who is not going to stand at the next General Election, should be returned. For all practical purposes Colonel Weston will work with us during the whole of the present Parliament. But after him, of course, there must be a regular Unionist candidate. If, as is said, it will be Lord Henry Bentinck, Westmoreland and the Unionist party could not do better. The Houghton election showed an increase in the Unionist poll; but it is pretty clear that the Labour candidate tapped a large Unionist vote.

Mr. Bonar Law's speech at Manchester was, to our taste, a little too much of an apologia for his leadership. Does not Mr. Law stand rather too often on the defensive? The right attitude for a leader before the public—which includes the enemy—is never to have anything to defend. His general view of the domestic little worries of the party is generous enough, and very sensible. We must of course have order and reasonable discipline; but the attempt to put every candidate into a strait waistcoat will not do. He was severe, but not severe enough, on those who are now so busily engaged in making the molehills of Unionist differences into mountains. Tariff Reform is a great thing—perhaps the greatest item in the Unionist programme—but it is very far from everything; and by itself certainly does not outweigh all the rest. Our defensive work is really as important as the constructive. The psychology of some of our Tariff Reform hot-heads is a really curious study. They turn a department of policy which Gladstone dismissed as "parcels" into a faith. But really Tariff Reform is not a religion; or, if it is, it can be the religion only of those whose god is their belly.

Mr. Asquith pleaded precedent for his guillotine resolution on Monday, referring the Opposition to 1905. This was the cue. For over an hour Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George listened with affected indifference while Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Frederick Banbury read extracts from Hansard of their indignant speeches in 1905 against the inroads of Mr. Balfour's Ministry upon the liberties of discussion. Mr. Asquith suffered most from the precedent of 1905. In 1905 he described the precedent he now invokes as "another stage on a journey which is marking the degradation of the House of Commons . . . which, if it is allowed to go on, will transform the House into a mere automatic machine for registering the will of the Executive".

If one re-reads those old speeches to-day, one thing very clearly appears. There was in 1905 a *sæva indignatio* which in 1913 is entirely absent. Fury was conspicuously missing in Monday's discussion. The Government were twitted with past utterances which logically committed them to voting against their own resolution. A word was said in behalf of the private member, robbed of his time up to and including 31 March. But there was no heart-burning protest. Mr. Bonar Law scored heavily in phrase after phrase; and he got in some hard thrusts at the Government's general policy of mismanagement. But it was an exhibition contest; and the Government on the whole enjoyed it as much as the Opposition. The closure is now part of the parliamentary system. If Mr. Bonar Law occasionally did not hit so hard as he might, he seemed to be thinking of the time when he would himself be moving a guillotine resolution.

This particular closure is none the less discreditable. Mr. Asquith had on Monday to ask the House for a special arrangement of the Votes on Account, and for three whole weeks exclusively devoted to Government business, in order to enable him to comply with the law of supply. Virtually he told the House it must either assent to his programme, or be his accomplice in breaking the law. "I have got into this desperate position, and you must help me out of it", was the

burden of his appeal. Mr. Bonar Law naturally refused. The Government is upon the verge of bankruptcy, not from hard luck, but from evil courses. Moreover, Mr. Asquith's way was not courteous. He wanted "accommodation" from the House; and he came down to the House with fire-arms. The Opposition refused to be bullied; but the moonlighters were in force. With the help of Mr. Dillon Mr. Asquith was easily able to "borrow" the necessary time.

Lord Robert Cecil told the Government on Tuesday that they must either find some way out of their difficulties with the suffragettes or resign. This was received by the Government as a joke. It merely raises laughter on the Government side of the House when Ministers are told that if they cannot uphold the law they are unfit for office. Mr. McKenna may not plead that his powers are inadequate. Obviously he can obtain what powers he chooses and dares to ask of the House. The ordinary law as administered by the Home Office has broken down. It is a clear case for a special remedy. Lord Robert suggested deportation—a measure we have already recommended as the only possible way out. These women, as Lord Robert said, are more difficult to deal with than are ordinary criminals. They are insane, not normal, people. Large numbers of them have only one aim—to die at the hands of the Government. One or other of them will sooner or later succeed under the present system. Is Mr. McKenna ready to face this?

Mr. McKenna's device is not even possible in the light of his own speech. He insists that these women are fanatics; that they are ready to die. At the same time he suggests it will meet the case if Parliament allows him to let them out as ticket-of-leave women upon undertakings of good behaviour. Obviously, if he lets them out at all, he will have to do so without undertakings of any kind. How is he to get undertakings from women who on his own showing actually want to die in prison? This is Mr. McKenna's only alternative to the present system of forcible feeding and gaol delivery. This system is every way absurd. It entirely defies the principles of reasonable punishment. It inflicts the greatest amount of suffering with the least deterrent effect.

Mr. McKenna challenges his critics to say where precisely the law has broken down as to the suffragettes. It has broken down for the last three succeeding Sundays in Hyde Park. Every week it is more difficult for the police to deal with these meetings. "Meetings" is a euphemism. They are riots. How long shall the farce continue? Mrs. Pankhurst, at the "Pavilion" on Monday, said that these meetings were broken up by boys and bullies "incited by the Press" and "supported by emissaries of the Government". The only emissaries of the Government visible are the police, who strain every nerve to get the women away. As to the character of the crowd Mrs. Pankhurst is in a way correct. Those who break up meetings are not usually people of education or manners. Nevertheless these demonstrations of the mob really mean that the suffragettes have exhausted the patience of the country. The mob in Hyde Park would not pelt the suffragettes if the public were not incensed against them.

Mr. Seely in his statement on the Army Estimates was pleasant, and smiling, and said nothing to the point, which was wise, seeing that the point was all against him. Mr. Seely was quite up to his usual form. The Estimates have two significances, and only two. The first is the new prominence given to aviation, a prominence which shows the Government to have been slow to see any importance in the new arm, and now making provision for it which leaves us ludicrously out of the running with other countries. The other significance is the shortage of the Establishment nearly all through the Army. The Regulars are short, and the Territorials are shorter. All the other Great Powers are hugely increasing their armies; we are letting ours



get a little less, starting from next to none. Well, the Kendal election shows that the people are not so much shocked with the idea of compulsory service as they are thought to be. So better times are perhaps before us.

So far as aerial defence goes England has yet no standard at all; and we shall be worse off, comparatively, at the end of 1913 than we are now. Germany will at the end of the year have fifteen first-class airships and thirteen of the second-class. England will have no airships of the first and only three of the second. As to the aeroplanes there is no adequate provision for transport or repair, and the number of machines is absurdly small.

Peace in the Balkans is still in sight; but unfortunately seems likely to remain there. We do not get home. The Powers have their reply to the Allies ready. It must be admitted by all fair-minded persons that the blame, if there is blame, for this eternal delay must be laid on the Allies. They began, in the very beginning, by making impossible demands; and they have ended by inserting an impossible condition in their submission to the Powers. Meantime the difficulty between Roumania and Bulgaria is far from settled, and difficulties between the Bulgarians and Greeks seem rather to be increasing. All this does not bode well for future quiet in those parts, even if greater Powers escape the unsettlement. There is a not very credible report of a Turkish success at Tchatalja.

King George of Greece, after reigning for fifty years, was on Tuesday murdered at Salonica. He had come through the worst of his reign. Political assassination he had already escaped; and the time of extreme depression was past. King George had found and trusted the man thrown up by the military revolution. With M. Venezelos King George has during these last years lifted his country above the *opéra comique* of 1909-10. The adroit policy of the King and his Minister, with the help of a timely war, had restored political peace to Athens—peace with some honour. And now King George is struck down by a Greek degenerate, who does not seem also to have been a Greek politician.

The Senate has put M. Briand out of office, but itself out of power. It has disgraced itself in the eyes of France, and is already condemned. It cannot now go on much longer as it is. M. Briand, not M. Clemenceau, even less M. Combes, is the man of the hour. M. Briand was not long since at the cross-roads; he is now the happy instance of the man who has chosen the better path. He might have remained a *Combiste*; he is now the chosen vessel along with M. Poincaré to lift France from the abyss in which she seemed to be slowly stagnating to death. M. Briand prefers to be of the new birth. The best remedy for French political corruption is proportional representation, and the whole country wants it. The Senate by neglecting it makes itself particeps of all the old bad ways. There is warning here for us. An elective Second Chamber is an intensive instead of a corrective of popular ills. The Senator's longer term merely gives him more time to indulge his political vices. America and France tell the same tale.

President Wilson is making something of a sensation, as his countrymen would say, by refusing to come in with the other five Powers in the matter of the six-Power loan to China. He takes his stand on the old American principle of non-intervention in external affairs. He is not going to be a party to the coercion of the Chinese, even indirect. He will not use their financial necessity to put compulsion upon their general policy. The new Republican Government must be free to go its own way. This may be sound Americanism; but is exceedingly bad for the unfortunate people whom it is supposed to be considering. If in the result the American banks all withdraw, and the loan falls to the ground, China will be worse bankrupt than ever; and absolute collapse may follow. This could hardly help

meaning foreign intervention in force; and the coercion at whose shadow Dr. Wilson shies will come in fact. The American President really might have considered the convenience of the other Powers before he did this thing.

What a storm would be in Congress and upon American platforms were an English Cabinet Minister to denounce a political institution or party of the United States! Englishmen are less sensitive. Mr. Bryan has talked publicly about the "degradation" of the House of Lords. British phlegm is content to think this outburst reflects rather upon American taste than upon English honour. This is a bad start. Mr. Bryan should not now be making stump speeches in favour of an English party.

Party has seldom shown to worse advantage than in the Canadian Liberal agitation over Mr. Churchill's memorandum. Wisely Mr. Churchill has now issued this document as a Parliamentary paper, and it leaves nothing of the fabric which Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his friends wove in hot haste. There is in it not even a suspicion of dictation or desire to interfere with Canadian policy. Mr. Borden wanted certain estimates from the Admiralty of the probable cost of building the Canadian battleships. He thought local estimates too low. No doubt it is a pretty theory that Canada might construct as well as present the ships to the Imperial Navy, but Mr. Churchill shows the thing to be impossible. Heavy and expensive plant would be necessary, which, even if she were competent to provide it at all, Canada could not hope to create in a shorter space of time than four years, and the cost would be approximately £15,000,000—an item which Canada would hardly like to add to her naval estimates.

Then there is the question of manning the ships when ready. Mr. Churchill says the Admiralty will loyally endeavour to facilitate the development of any practicable naval policy which may commend itself to Canada, but he clearly foresees difficulties in finding the necessary men, especially in view of the failure of the Canadians to make headway with their 1912 programme. "It would have been impossible for the Canadians to man a single cruiser" is a home thrust from the First Lord of the Admiralty, and about the only point in his letters to which the Canadian Opposition, party ends aside, could take serious objection. The objection would still be illegitimate, because Mr. Churchill's statement is true; and now that the truth is known the best organs of Liberal opinion in Canada are coming round to his side.

India's position under Imperial Preference has so long been accepted as a serious difficulty that a discussion on the subject in the India Legislative Council is welcome. In India, as in Great Britain, taxation is increasing, and Sir G. Chitnavis raised the question apparently with the object of showing that fresh burdens might be lightened by an Imperial tariff. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson took the present officially Free Trade view. But the essential point is that, his correct official attitude notwithstanding, the Finance Minister of India seems to admit that Preference would give a free entry to Indian tea, coffee, sugar, and the rest, whilst India's import duty on many British manufactures would be abolished or reduced. Could the case for Tariff Reform, India included, be put more concisely?

Mr. Asquith seems to be cooling towards the nationalising of railways. He has never put so many difficulties in the way of his annual visitors from the Trades Union Congress as he did on Monday. Mr. Asquith predicts two sure results of nationalising. As soon as the State owns the railways (1) the men will want better wages and less work, (2) the traders will want cheaper rates. The State would have to give way, says Mr. Asquith—and where would our profits be

then? The railways would soon be running at a loss, and taxpayers would have something to say. It is true the same objection could be taken to nationalising any industry. Mr. Asquith seems to have discovered these difficulties since last he was visited by this deputation. Nationalisation a year ago was in the air. But it is quite clear from Monday's speech that the Prime Minister is now very definitely opposed to it.

A case decided by Mr. Justice Bailhache is a blow to the non-panel doctors who expect to take any part in working the Insurance Act. A member of an approved society employed his own doctor, and his society would not accept this doctor's certificate of illness, and he lost his sick pay. The Society had made rules to this effect, and the member's case was that they had no power to do so under the Act, and that a dispute on such a point between the Society and the member must be settled by arbitration. The Judge held that the Commissioners are the only authority to say whether the rules are good or bad. Naturally they do not object to anything that drives the members to the panel doctors. It is a flagrant injustice to the doctors, and a cheat on the members; such a rule ought to be impossible.

When the Courts rose on Wednesday the King's Bench and the Court of Appeal were in certain world-wide cases four or five months in arrear and in others nearly six months. They meet again on 1 April, and they will get deeper and deeper in the mire as time goes on. The illness of the Lord Chief Justice has had something to do with the King's Bench Division, but this cannot apply to the Court of Appeal. Even if there were another Judge, this would leave the slowness of the Appeal Court unaccounted for. There has been more talk again as to the Lord Chief Justice returning, or not, to the Courts, and the "Nation" definitely stated that Sir Rufus Isaacs was to be the "new" Lord Chief Justice. In the meantime he has "taken his seat" this week in the "new" character of a plaintiff.

Dr. Legge of Lichfield was not a great prelate: he was hardly, in fact, a figure of mark at all. But he was a most conscientious and loyal Churchman who did his work quietly and well. Perhaps his one real distinction was a thorough grip and detailed knowledge of the Education Act of 1902. We could do with a good many more bishops of this quality. They are more useful than popular preachers or clever politicians. We want the ecclesiastical statesman too; but he should be the brilliant exception.

"I go back to Africa to try to make an open road for commerce and Christianity." So said Livingstone at Cambridge sixty-six years ago. The best centenary memorial of the life-work of the exploring missionary is surely the difference between the Dark Continent of the middle of the nineteenth and Central and Eastern Africa in the first quarter of the twentieth century. In all the romance of missionary records no more remarkable story is to be found than that of this son of a small Scottish trader, starting work in a cotton factory at ten years of age, teaching himself Latin, reading science and travel, only gradually becoming interested in religion, going through a regular course of medicine and theology, and thus equipped embarking on discoveries which paved the way to the civilisation of half a continent.

He was so much a pioneer that not till more than thirty years had passed did his labours bear full fruit. The extraordinary character of the man stands out in his influence over natives who must have regarded every white man as an agent of the slave traffic which he more than any broke down. When his work was done they carried his body, at the peril of their lives, a thousand miles to the coast—a tribute greater in its simple devotion than the burial in Westminster Abbey itself.

## THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

IT is about time the leaders of the Unionist party took steps to suppress the attempts of certain sections of the Unionist Press to sow dissensions which at present exist only in the imagination of the writers themselves. Mr. Bonar Law at Manchester indicated, indeed, that there were limits to the patience even of the most benevolent party leaders. He would, however, have carried with him the overwhelming assent of ninety-nine men in a hundred among his followers if he had used far stronger language in dealing with the disloyal section which is causing the whole trouble at the present moment. The SATURDAY REVIEW has always been a strong exponent of Tariff Reform principles. In this it represents the view of the Unionist party, a party which is coming to regard the continuous and venomous assaults on the Unionist leader and the union of the party as the grossest betrayal of the interests of Tariff Reform which the mind of any sane man could conceive. The rank and file are getting impatient with gentlemen who, having signed a compact of a purely voluntary character, are now engaged daily in "dragging the pageant of a bleeding heart" about the countryside to the annoyance of their friends, the probable ruin of the very causes they profess to have at heart, and to the unconcealed exultation and amusement of the enemies of those causes.

The question at issue is a very simple one. Do the men who signed the compact enshrined in the Edinburgh speech mean to keep their agreement, or do they allege with any show of reason that anyone else is engaged in evading the terms of that compact? The loyal and impartial Tariff Reform observer (with a small and not a large initial letter) cannot fail to notice that practically the entire disturbance is being created in that wing of the party which professes simultaneously its adhesion to the original tariff proposals and to the compact which presents those proposals in a modified form. On the debit side of the account there have been no signs of an attempt to alter the Edinburgh compact except a slightly injudicious speech from a well-known Peer who has been openly and notoriously a Unionist Free Trader for the last ten years, and has never scrupled to say so, and the rather fatuous blunder of the central organisation over the Kendal election. That blunder was, as the published information proves, due to nothing except lack of accurate local knowledge, combined with a certain failing in tact, and was immediately repaired when the true state of the case became known. As a result of these two very trivial and accidental pieces of evidence the country is being treated to progressive doses of political phantasy. Long diatribes about the value of moral courage precede the suggestion that the whole party is about to abandon Tariff Reform. It is really difficult to express one's view of the authors of these ridiculous ideas with any degree either of patience or of moderation. Every politician knows that a Unionist party which proposed to abandon the first constructive plank in its programme would not number in its ranks any member of the Front Opposition Bench, or more than 1 per cent. of the private members. On the contrary, the preponderance of Tariff Reform sentiment on the Opposition side has ceased to be a calculable or relative factor, for it has become the rule almost without exception to prove it. A parallel outcry at the time of the Valentine Letters would have been natural, perhaps useful; certain newspaper articles to-day have about the same relation to political reality as screeds suggesting that about two-thirds of the Unionist party were determined to put polygamy in the forefront of the party programme.

These facts are so well known to all people moving in any kind of political circle, whether in London or in the provinces, that it is almost impossible to believe that any intelligent person really thinks that in writing or speaking against Mr. Bonar Law, himself the most ardent of Tariff Reformers, he is combating some gigantic Free Trade conspiracy. The evidence for



the existence of any such attack from the Free Trade side on the Edinburgh compact is so attenuated that one can only suppose that the real object of the disturbers of the peace is not to defend the compact against a breach, but to make that breach in it themselves. Recent articles and speeches have been full of hints and innuendoes about the advantages of sticking to your guns and the disadvantages of policies of compromise. One prominent Unionist paper published an analysis of Mr. Bonar Law's attitude which but for the colour of the paper might have been taken straight from the "Westminster Gazette". If such productions are methods of sticking to a compact they are, to say the least of it, extremely curious ones, and remind one of a man who spends the whole of his married life explaining to his wife how unduly generous he had been over her settlement. Such a course is neither loyal, nor ingenuous, nor consistent. It was perfectly open to any newspaper, to any politician, or to any member of the party to refuse assent to the original proposal for modifying the policy as to new food taxes, and indeed to fight fiercely against any such alteration. This course, for instance, was pursued by the "Morning Post", which held, rightly or wrongly, that it was better to sacrifice the unity of the party than to alter one jot or tittle of Mr. Chamberlain's original policy. But the people who have no right to raise this clamour to heaven are those who, terrified by the prospect of a split and the threatened resignation of Mr. Bonar Law, did not protest against the proposed arrangement which averted the split and avoided the resignation. Any one who cares to read between the lines of the recent utterances of that small section who are at the present moment acting as the "bonnets" of the Liberal party, can see perfectly clearly that their dissatisfaction is due, not to any alteration in the Edinburgh compact, but to the perception that the Unionist party intends to maintain it. It would be more consistent both with ordinary honesty and political convenience if the objectors to the Edinburgh speech came out and said openly that they repented of their bargain and declined to carry it into effect. So long as they refuse either to accept the terms or to repudiate them, they are serving no possible political interest except that of the Coalition. They are not working avowedly for a return of the party to the full policy, nor are they strengthening that party in carrying into effect an Industrial Tariff as a prelude to an Imperial one. Their behaviour is that of a doctor who, when treating a patient who will shortly have to fight for his life, declines to prescribe himself, and refuses to allow any one else to do so.

It is precisely because of the ardour which the great mass of the party feels for the tariff policy that it is disgusted and ashamed at the conduct of individuals who above all others, according to their own professions, should be engaged in fighting the tariff battle in the country, instead of slewing round to the flank and firing into their own allies. The amenities of the Greeks and Bulgarians, who have lately been fusillading each other instead of the Turks, have found their parallel in home politics, and the most strenuous opponents of the real interests of Tariff Reform are contributors—not to the Liberal Press. Far different is the course which wisdom or even sanity would suggest. The energies now frittered on the work of mischief-making would be devoted to a strenuous campaign in the constituencies, which would strengthen the convictions of the country in the policy which virtually all Unionists support. A union of our forces for a great autumn campaign on the tariff issue, with the leaders of the Unionist party in the van and supported by all Tariff Reformers, would be the best solution of difficulties which are imaginary and not real, but which will become only too real if the authors of this present tomfoolery will not stop themselves, and if there is no one strong enough to make them. The constructive policies of Unionism cannot be sacrificed because a few individuals are the victims of a perverse pique or a distempered imagination.

#### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

AWKWARD questions and the brushing aside of all characteristics of Mr. Seely's speech. Did a nation ever possess such a War Secretary, or indeed such a Government? The whole of Europe, as well as this country, has for the past month been thinking of little else than the immense increases of men, armaments and all the other paraphernalia of war made by other nations. Hardly has an issue of any weekly or daily journal been published in England, France, Germany, Austria and elsewhere, which has not discussed these momentous changes. Russia has already made great increases in her military strength, whilst Germany, owing to the change in the balance of power in Europe—as she explains—is proposing to spend a vast additional sum on warlike preparation, and the French nation, patriotically determined not to be left behind, is demanding an additional year of service from all her able-bodied population and abolishing almost entirely her system of exemptions from military service. In these circumstances the plain man might have supposed that Great Britain, with all her military forces shrinking, would have proposed some more heroic measures than an increase of £360,000 to her annual military budget. Moreover, even this slight increase is, when it comes to be examined, no real advance at all. It is to a large extent due to such automatic increases of expenditure as the charges for the insurance of soldiers and civilians under the Insurance Act. The figures for the coming year are £28,220,000.

The greater part of Mr. Seely's speech was devoted to the subject of aviation. The question of airships was soon disposed of, as the War Secretary maintained that this matter concerned the Admiralty rather than the War Office. Our three small military airships, which can be packed up, are more suitable for use with an expeditionary force than the more ambitious craft which Germany possesses—an easy way of shelving the whole problem. As to aeroplanes, we now possess 101 of various sorts, although, when bluntly asked how many of them could be utilised with effect in actual warfare, the War Secretary was discreetly vague. At any rate it appears that a considerable number of these are of little use beyond instructional purposes. But, as Mr. Wyndham pointed out, in proportion to the 500 possessed by France, our Army should possess little short of 300 effective aeroplanes. Mr. Seely then resorted to his favourite device of drawing a red-herring across the trail. He favoured us with an interesting disquisition on the employment of aeroplanes; and he pronounced a well-deserved eulogium on the high state of efficiency our airmen had reached, and on their courage and dash. Everyone, of course, agrees with him. But the point he should have dealt with was whether we possessed enough.

As to the Regular establishment the only point of importance was concerned with the Artillery. Three horse-batteries are to be converted into field, mainly, it was said, because the guns of the field batteries can fire a heavier projectile. One detail, however, in this connexion is really satisfactory. The Artillery in future is to be organised on an all-regular basis, the Artillery Special Reserve ceasing to exist. This is primarily due to the substitution of mechanical for horse transport; and the seventy-two batteries of the expeditionary force will in future all be organised on a peace footing of six guns, again a considerable gain. The Special Reserve, short both of officers and men, is once again to be consigned to the melting-pot, and yet another committee is to sit upon its destinies. So we can pass them. This brings us to the Territorial Army and its connexion with the expeditionary force. With regret Mr. Seely admitted that its numbers were deficient by some 50,000 men; but of course the main reason why this does not matter is because Mr. Balfour very unwisely some years ago committed himself to the statement that a serious invasion of these shores was impracticable. How sick Mr. Balfour must be of that pronouncement, which has ever since been used

by all Radical speakers to minimise the importance of, and excuse the deficiencies apparent in, any of our armed forces. It is no doubt to this that Mr. Balfour is granted the doubtful honour of a seat on the Defence Committee, which is once more to inquire into these matters, and which caused the War Minister to eulogise his services so enthusiastically. Mr. Wyndham drew from Mr. Seely the statement that, no matter what the naval situation might be, the Government would be prepared to send the whole of the expeditionary force abroad in case it was needed, and rely for home defence on what was left. This would not be an imposing array. There would be eight Regular battalions and a few cavalry regiments left; whilst as to the rest there would be, besides the Territorial and National Reserve, only a few reservists, and the Special and Extra Special Reserve units. The Special Reserve would clearly at once disappear to reinforce the Regular Army; whilst the twenty-seven Extra Special Reserve units would be required to replace Regular units in the defence of dockyards, harbours, and fortresses, and these would be none too many for the job. Virtually we should have to rely on the Territorials, for we could hardly count on keeping for our home use all the Regular units left over. But when we come to examine the Territorials, who should make about 314,000 men, we find that, apart from a shortage of some 50,000, only about 150,000 have fulfilled their period of training and performed the very moderate musketry requirements demanded of them; and yet it is admitted that some 400,000 men are required for the adequate defence of these islands. It is true that these stand behind the Navy as a second line of defence. But in these days is our naval supremacy sufficient to warrant a Government taking such risks? There is no sign that the Government are in any way alive to the immensity of the issue involved, whilst the main argument adduced by Mr. Seely against the introduction of compulsion, which he admits to be an essentially democratic measure, is that it would involve so many changes.

The announcement that the pay of the long-suffering British officer is at last to be increased was received with acclamation from all parts of the House, although apparently the main reason why this extra expenditure of some £150,000 a year is to be considered is because it will enable more men to rise from the ranks. This, up to a point, is sound. The officer who serves in our army should justly be enabled to live on his pay. But we say deliberately we do not want to see promotion from the ranks very general, for the simple reason that, apart from exceptional cases quoted by Mr. Seely, service in the ranks is not the best training for an officer. It is quite true that officers from the ranks are well received and respected by their brother officers. But the point is that the men prefer officers who have graduated otherwise. On the whole, the provision made for the future of the army is most unsatisfactory, considering the present state of Europe, and the vastly greater provision which is being made both for men and the upkeep of armaments in other countries. Something much more is necessary if we are to maintain our position as a Great Power. One thing is clear: It is not want of funds that keeps down our army. Ministers find money for what they care about. On the same day that the Army Estimates were issued the Civil Service Estimates appeared also, and they showed an increase of nearly five millions!

#### THE SENATE AGAINST FRANCE.

NEARLY three years have elapsed since the present Chamber of Deputies was returned to power pledged by every means to carry into law "scrutin de liste" coupled with proportional representation. No question was placed more clearly before the country, and the country gave its verdict with no uncertain voice. The whole of the Right, Royalists, Imperialists, Liberals and Progressives as well as the Socialist party, were unanimous; whilst a large proportion of the

Radicals and Radical-Socialists as well as of the Democratic Left pledged themselves to support this reform. The issue has been clearly placed before the Chamber on five separate occasions, and every time the Chamber has expressed itself clearly and decisively, until on 10 July the Bill was adopted by no less than 339 to 217 votes and sent up to the Senate backed by the whole force of public opinion. Bye-elections have followed upon one another, and new members belonging to the various groups have been returned to Parliament; but the great majority of these men have pledged themselves to their constituents to support the Bill. When M. Poincaré took office in January of last year he also promised to do all he could to forward the measure, which he has rescued from destruction by his active intervention on many an occasion. His action has been severely criticised by his opponents; but the country has been grateful to him for his firmness, and no President of the Republic has of late years been carried into office as he has been, not only by the votes of Senators and of Deputies but by a strong popular backing. M. Briand, the late Prime Minister, has not always been the whole-hearted supporter of the proposal he is now; but he has long realised the depths of corruption to which the Chamber and the Government of France have fallen, and understood that some drastic reform was necessary if the country was to be rescued from the abyss. He has for some time realised where salvation lies, and knows that it is the duty of every patriotic Frenchman to utilise to the utmost the most practical remedy that lies within his reach. He therefore took office two months ago, pledged to see this reform through the Senate, and his accession to power was therefore welcomed with enthusiasm by the vast majority of Frenchmen who wished to save their country. There cannot therefore be any doubt as to what are the wishes of the vast majority of the French people. They are heartily sick of the "mares stagnantes", those sinks of corruption which have resulted from the domination of the Radical and Radical-Socialist "bloc", and determined to carry at all cost that measure of Reform which they consider can alone save their country. They have shown their resolution on every occasion, both in and out of season, and they are determined that their will shall prevail as against all comers. No one could have placed the issues in a clearer or better light than did M. Briand in his admirable speech to the Senate on Wednesday last. We have often criticised and condemned him in the past; but no one can deny that he has of late done much to redeem the errors of his youth and that his courageous attitude on this occasion will raise him head and shoulders above the common herd of French parliamentarians. It is quite a new experience to see a statesman of the Third Republic with the courage of his convictions and ready to make every sacrifice rather than surrender a single hair's-breadth of the principle which he deems vital to his country's good. It is long since the Chamber has heard language from a President of the Council so emphatic or so straightforward. He could easily have done as his predecessors and retained office for some time by agreeing to a compromise which would have adjourned the vital issue, and many would have justified his concession with considerable logic by arguing that the situation was a delicate one and that a change of Government was fraught with danger at a moment when international peace was in jeopardy and the new law of three years' military service might be sacrificed. M. Briand preferred, however, to have done with all temporising, and laid it down at the very start that he would have nothing to say to M. Peytral's amendment which embodied "scrutin de liste," or to any other amendment repudiating "scrutin d'arrondissement" which did not accept the Government programme of proportional representation. He wished for no compromise upon so vital a question; for he fully realised what powers an unqualified "scrutin de liste" gave to a Radical Socialist préfet, and how it might prove even more dangerous than "scrutin d'arrondissement" where by the manipulation of a few votes a majority



might be converted into a minority deprived of all representation in a large Department. He therefore laid down at the very beginning of his speech that the existence of his Cabinet was at stake, and that they would refuse to continue in office for an hour or for a day if the Senate accepted M. Peytral's amendment. "This debate," he argued, "is of the greatest consequence to the Government; so much so that were it to have a result contrary to its wishes it could no longer carry on the duties of administration. It is not a question here of either ability, subtlety, eloquence, or charm, of all those qualities with which my political opponents have been pleased to adorn me. I wish to go to the sacrifice bare-headed but straight." He then argued that when he assumed office the gravest question was that of electoral reform which divided Republicans and gave their policy a false direction. The duty of a Republican Government was to undertake its solution, and to make every loyal effort to ensure success. He thought he was rendering the Republic and his country a great service by endeavouring to free them from this nightmare. "If, therefore, I did not make this question one of 'no confidence', who is there amongst you who would not blame me for remaining in power in my weakened position?" It was some time since the Senators had listened to such language, nor could they appreciate its force. They have long lost touch with public opinion, for they only recruit one-third of their number every three years, and nine years must necessarily elapse before a Senator can be compelled to render an account to his constituents, and these constituents are not the people but the electoral colleges who, in nearly two-thirds of France, have fallen under the influence of the "Bloc." The unpopularity of the "mares stagnantes" of these sinks of political corruption has been thoroughly realised in the country and in the Chamber, but this fact has scarcely penetrated into those recesses of the Senate where M. Combes and M. Clémenceau exercise an influence that they have now lost in the country. It was a sad blow for M. Clémenceau when M. Poincaré refused to withdraw, at his dictation, his candidature for the Presidency of the Republic, and a still heavier blow when this candidature proved successful. He therefore vowed vengeance, and has realised this vengeance by defeating the most popular measure the Government can present by 161 to 128. M. Clémenceau has chosen a dangerous issue upon which to try conclusions with the late President of the Council, for he is advocating an unpopular and discredited cause against the rising tide of public opinion. Whatever may have happened on Wednesday night M. Briand was the man who really won the day. The country is growing sick of the dullness, the blindness, the spite and the corruption of the Senate. Not for many a day has France heard words more sincere, more honest, or more straightforward than those used by M. Briand. The whole corruption of French parliamentarism is laid bare before the people of France. The country is passing through a serious crisis in which its national existence is at stake. The moment has come for all Frenchmen to be united against the common enemy, and this is the moment which of all others has been chosen by M. Clémenceau to force on to the people a conflict with the Senate who, it appears, is to decide under a Republic what shall be the constitution of the directly representative Chamber chosen by universal suffrage. The country and the Chamber can easily retort by raising the issue of the constitution of the Senate itself, which, by becoming the last haven of political corruption, has roused public opinion against it. A strong feeling has been awakened throughout the country. Socialists have been affected as well as Conservatives and Moderates, and, as M. Jaurès says in the "Humanité," "The Senate has so wished it. On her head will fall the responsibility of all the political disorder which will be let loose." Fortunately, behind all these turbulent elements there is the moderating influence of the President of the Republic, and of those men who are rallying to his support. The Senate may have to face either Reform or Dissolution. The country is, however, in favour of moderate measures; but is determined

at all cost to emancipate itself from the domination of those men who have entrenched themselves within the walls of the Luxembourg, and the country is bound to carry the day.

#### PERSIAN RAILWAYS AND PERSIAN POLICY.

WHAT precisely is the state of affairs in regard to railway concessions in Persia? We heard the other day that a meeting of the Société d'Etudes was about to be held in Paris, and Viscount Morley, at the close of last Session, spoke of important negotiations proceeding between this body and the Persian Government, in the outcome of which security might be found for a large Persian loan. The question of Persian railways is also to the fore in connexion with the two years' option that has been granted to a Persian railway syndicate directed by Englishmen for the construction of a line in Central and South-Western Persia; as regards the Russian line, that from Julfa to Tabriz, the route has already been surveyed, and rails may be laid at any moment. To return to the Société d'Etudes, this body is of course associated with the notorious scheme for linking together the Russian and Indian railway systems, a scheme which ridicule has apparently failed to kill. The subject was discussed last summer. Sir Edward Grey alone—is it not needless to add?—was friendly to the principle of the railway, and on the strength of this a group of English, French, and Russian financiers subscribed £90,000 towards the cost of a preliminary examination of the Indo-Persian route. It was difficult—except for those who were watching British policy in the East with close attention—to believe that anything could come of a design for facilitating at once the complete bankruptcy of Persia and the military progress of Russia towards India. (A miserable people, saddled already with enormous debts, were to be asked to guarantee the success of an undertaking from which they could derive no conceivable benefit. The way to India via Persia lies largely through a barren desert.) Yet the Société did not dissolve. It is at present negotiating with the Persian Government. And the Persian Government (whatever that may be) is displaying a "praiseworthy activity" in the matter. And Lord Morley is excessively pleased at the prospect of a successful end of the negotiations, the great day for Persia that is coming.

Who said, then, that there was no Government in Persia? Why, every week in Teheran concessions of some sort are granted. And if there were no Government with whom could the Russian Legation, backed by the British, negotiate concessions? So long as foreigners want concessions in Persia there must be a Government in Persia, and that Government must display "praiseworthy activity", realising how serious is the question of transit. Therefore the situation in Persia will, according to answers in Parliament, remain "hopeful" for a long time yet.

Russia wants this railway to India very badly, and this railway to India is contrary to all the canons of the traditional foreign policy of Great Britain. Therefore we presume that the labours of the Société d'Etudes will not be wasted. The railway will be built. The spirit, and perhaps the letter, of that great instrument of peace, the Anglo-Russian Agreement, demand it. All that public opinion in this country needs to do is to keep silence. There is no reason, says Sir Edward Grey, why we should excite ourselves about this or any other Persian matter. Presently the Société d'Etudes will issue a favourable report upon the Indo-Persian scheme. Then, as Mr. George Lloyd foresees, the time will be past for making objections in principle.

Meanwhile a Russian company is about to start building in the Russian sphere of influence. The route from Julfa to Tabriz, as has been said, is already traced; the concession was finally ratified in Teheran a few weeks ago. From Tabriz the line will, no doubt, proceed to Kasvin, which is within a hundred miles of the capital. But there is no necessary connexion between this project and the Indo-Persian railway; this extension of Russian interests in Northern Persia has long

been certain, and in happier circumstances need not have been preceded by a military occupation; nor is it forced on the Persians against their will. The British project is the Khorremabad railway. Starting from Mohammerah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, the line will run in a northerly direction, opening out the Karun Valley and serving certain districts in Central Persia—a comparatively modest venture if the way did not lie through the turbulent haunts of the Bakhtiari. Such a railway might benefit British trade, as it will communicate with a fertile and well populated country, and passage via the Gulf should be quicker than passage via the proposed Persian branch of the Baghdad railway. Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, one of the most active members of the Persia Committee and a fierce opponent of Russian expansion, is a director of the British Syndicate. But does the Persia Committee contemplate with equanimity a continuous communication between the Gulf and the Caspian in an eventual junction of the three systems—the Baghdad, the North Persian and the British—at Hamadan?

Before any one of the three projects can be completed the Anglo-Russian Agreement, in so far as it concerns Persia, is likely to be dead. In other words, no discussion of the railway question will be of much account until the present long-drawn-out crisis in Persia has been resolved. We may assume that the directors of the British undertaking believe that South-Western Persia and parts of Central Persia will soon be under British administration. The railway from Mohammerah to Khorremabad will not bring "better order"; but "better order" will bring a railway from Mohammerah to Khorremabad. It is likely, then, that the British Syndicate, the members of which do happen to know a good deal about Persia, look forward to a drastic change in the policy of Great Britain, and certainly Sir Edward Grey's attitude of detachment, which with due deference to Professor E. G. Browne never had the support of the SATURDAY REVIEW, is becoming more and more impossible. Russia has been given every card, and we entirely agree with the Persia Committee that the Persian question is now the most serious question of foreign politics with which Great Britain is faced. And it will become nastier. Only from our point of view, which is not that of the parliamentarians, we cannot abuse Russia for attempting to introduce effective government into her sphere of influence in the North, or for doing what we dared not do ourselves in the South. It is very well to talk of a loan and the revival of Persian nationality. Meanwhile what of Shiraz? Are our Indian sowars to remain in that city until Persian nationality has revived? They cannot be withdrawn, for they would on the road to the Gulf be attacked by the Kasghais or the Kawaïms, and, although they could overcome the Kasghais and the Kawaïms, an event of this kind would force the British Government out of its inaction—the last thing that is desired. They cannot be reinforced. The murder of Captain Eckford—it is still unpunished—was a minor affair! To a situation so absurd and so humiliating have the Anglo-Russian Agreement and our support of Persian Constitutionalism brought us! But Mr. Lynch and his friends, instead of suggesting a way out, spend time in attempting to raise the indignation of the English public against a gentleman named Salar-ed-Dowleh, a brother of the ex-Shah, who has applied for the Governorship of a Caspian province.

#### THE CITY.

**B**USINESS on the Stock Exchange in the week before Easter is generally very quiet, consisting mainly of the evening-up of books for the long weekend holiday. But this week must surely have been an absolute record of dulness. Brokers of twenty-five years' experience declare that they do not remember such complete stagnation. The only outstanding movements in quotations have been declines, not because there was any heavy selling or any deliberate "ham-

mering" of prices, but because there was no support, no absorbing power, and a small amount of liquidation could only be effected at a considerable sacrifice.

It is difficult to be optimistic when everything is so flat, stale and unprofitable; but the turn of the tide must surely be approaching. Possibly the Easter holidays may bring a change, and if that fails, the month of April should provide at least a mild revival of confidence. The end-March settlements will then have been overcome. It will probably be found that the German banks were far better prepared to deal with the end-quarter difficulties than had been expected; no doubt it will then be realised that the worst of the monetary stringency was felt a week or more previously; the markets will be able to breathe a sigh of relief and prices should recover; the bears will want to repurchase stock, and perchance the public will be in the mood to buy Stock Exchange securities with part of the money that is at present lying idle.

The aggregate of deposits in the London banks to-day is about £25,000,000 higher than at this time last year, showing that the public is keeping its money in its pocket, so to speak. Quotations are, as a rule, considerably lower than they were a year ago, and in several markets some good purchases can be made at satisfactory prices. It is dangerous, however, to prophesy except on general hypotheses, as for example that things are so bad that they cannot be worse.

The selling that has been in progress this week has been mainly of option stock. A few weeks ago, when the expectation of peace in the Balkans cheered the markets temporarily, some speculators bought call options for the end of March on stocks that were likely to improve. It is the practice of option dealers to buy half the amount of the stock on which they have sold the "call" as a partial protection against a sharp rise. The decline that has occurred in quotations has precluded all possibility of the options being exercised, and consequently the option dealers have been selling the stock that they bought a few weeks ago. This has affected the favourite speculative shares, such as Chartered, while in the case of Brazil Rails the weakness has been accentuated by the liquidation of a stale bull account. It is believed that the selling of Brazil Common from Paris was prompted by the very poor reception given by the public to the loan issues of the Madeira-Mamoré and the Cordoba Central Railways. Both of these lines, like the Brazil Railway, are controlled by the Farquhar interests, and in each case about 85 per cent. of the new bond issues was left with the underwriters. This, however, is not very significant in view of the condition of the investment markets.

Canadian Pacifics have a rather firmer appearance, which it is hoped may be maintained. Canadian Pacifics nowadays are the bell-wether of all the markets. Jobbers in other departments often inquire of the peregrinating brokers "What are Canadas doing?" Canadas are the barometer of international finance and politics to-day, and the signs of increasing strength are taken as an indication of a better undertone at Berlin, whence the recent weakness has come.

Although it may be hoped that next month will see a relief of the monetary stringency, it does not follow that easy rates will rule in the near future. It is fully expected in banking circles that relatively dear money will prevail for the greater part of the year.

Home Rails have had no assistance from the remarkably fine traffic returns of the leading companies. Maybe the figures will be appreciated after Easter, when even better results will be shown; but now that the companies only provide annual accounts instead of half-yearly statements, the speculative attractions of the market are still further reduced.

The same dull tendency has prevailed in all the markets, but a feature was provided in the Oil section by Ural Caspians, which have been sold on an unwilling market weakened by an unsatisfactory progress report. The Shell group, which controls the Ural Caspian, are seldom communicative about developments on their oilfields, and market cynics are wondering why on earth this report was published. It seems uncharitable



to quarrel with the board for taking the shareholders into their confidence for once, but really there is some point in the question.

### THE EMPTY TOMB.

BY THE REV. A. C. HEADLAM.

SUPPOSING that we had lost a revered religious teacher, one in whom all our hopes for ourselves and our country were centred, one who had been the object of our admiration and love, and supposing two days afterwards three or four of the women who had looked upon him as their spiritual guide had gone with flowers for his grave and had come rushing back to tell us that it lay open and empty, what perplexity and bewilderment it would cause us! How difficult we should find it to believe that anything unusual had occurred! How easy to imagine that someone had broken open the grave and taken the body away. Naturally it required a good deal to convince some of those who first found that empty tomb on the first Easter Day. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

It was this empty tomb and the vision of the risen Lord that convinced the first Christians. And what a tremendous fact in the history of the world was that discovery of the stone rolled away. We may date from it a new beginning. A small dispirited band of men took new heart, the seed sown began to germinate, the Christian society sprang into life, a new era of hope began, a new spirit came to them, and through them to mankind. Now round the wide circle of the world in many lands unknown and undreamt of by the historian who catalogued the strangers present at the first Pentecost, the faithful meet together, drawn from all the nations of the earth to celebrate the sure hope of the Resurrection, and wherever they meet the Easter faith brings its never failing message to mankind.

Yet the historical imagination finds it hard to realise the scene, and the heavy weight of our material surroundings deadens our faith, and a belief in an imaginary realm of law would make us ask how the uniformity of Nature could be broken, and many doubt and hesitate, and many have ceased to hope.

Let us ask simply and earnestly whether we may still believe in that empty tomb which has been so great a fact in the history of the world.

"The discovery of the tomb is an historical fact." So say many of those who still refuse to believe that the bodily resurrection was real. There was a time when they had persuaded themselves that the evidence was bad. But they cannot do so now. Many years ago Reville had had recourse to the hypothesis that Jesus had not died on the Cross, for he could not otherwise explain away the narrative. Now it is recognised that the united evidence of four Gospels and the Acts is very strong; that S. Paul must have heard of the empty tomb; otherwise why did he place the Resurrection on the third day? that he believed that Christ had risen in a spiritual body as we should rise at the last day, when the graves were opened and "we should all be changed"; that the change to the Lord's Day or "the first day of the week", must have had a cause very early in Christian history. And then had the disciples known that the body was preserved, would there not have been a cult of it started so early that no belief in the Resurrection could have obliterated it?

Once we were told—some people tell us still—that the legend grew up later, but now it is more and more widely realised that the evidence is the other way. If we refuse to believe in the empty tomb, it is not because the evidence is bad, it is because we feel ourselves obliged to explain it away. The Jews of the first century, it is said, believed in a physical resurrection of the actual human body, but we know that in a literal sense that is impossible—our bodies decay and become dust, they form new material out of which other bodies are formed. The disciples conceived the Resurrection in accordance with their presuppositions. They materialised the spiritual manifestations. Christ was the first-fruits from the dead, the first-born of many

brethren; as He rose we shall rise, and in no real sense could we say that our natural body will rise. No; the bodily Resurrection of Christ is impossible. Some mistake, we are assured, was made. They went to the wrong tomb, or the Roman authorities destroyed the body or something else happened—anything rather than believe what is impossible.

Was the Jewish belief really so material? S. Paul was a typical Jew; he believed in the bodily Resurrection, but it was a transformed body, a spiritualised body. Did they whose friends' bodies had been destroyed by fire lose faith in their resurrection? Surely only in a very limited sense was their belief material.

But the Resurrection of our Lord must be just like the Resurrection of all faithful Christians. Is that really so? There was one definite point in which it must necessarily have been quite different! It was to be a sign, a proof for all the world. Professor Harnack would have us believe that the Easter faith—the fact that "Jesus lives"—is true, but that the Easter message—the empty tomb—is not. But how can the one be true if the other is not? How did the first believers know that "Jesus lived", or did they learn it through some means which we are not told and then draw up a fictitious account to prove the truth of their belief? Or did they learn a true statement of cardinal importance to the world by a succession of blunders and illusions? All these things are incredible to anyone who believes in the divine government of the world or the divine sanctity of truth. The Resurrection had to be such that it would convince those who had loved the Lord and been faithful to Him that their Master still lived. The empty tomb, and the appearance of Him as they had known Him—that was a convincing proof, and only that. Whatever may be the nature of human personality, we can only know those with whom we have lived on earth in and through their bodily appearance, and the spiritual body of the risen Lord must have possessed all the marks by which He might be known. If the Resurrection of Jesus be true, if Jesus lives, the knowledge must have been conveyed to those who told it to the world in some way that would convince them.

"But the Resurrection was abnormal, and the abnormal does not happen." Does it not? Some myriads of years ago in some way by some force that we do not understand the first germs of life appeared on the earth. It has not arisen spontaneously since, so far as we know; at any rate it does not so rise now. A new thing appeared, and the life history of the world began. In later geological ages, again, something abnormal happened. Man first came, a being with the gift, however rudimentary, of consciousness. The starting point was made. It was made perhaps only once, certainly not often. No such event occurs now. How or in what way it happened we cannot tell. It was an abnormal unprecedented event, a new starting point.

For many ages the slow and upward progress of the human race went on. Man step by step climbed to higher levels. One race developed on spiritual lines different from all others. In the isolated life of the hills of Judea it learnt the knowledge of the one God. Is the history of Israel quite normal? And then through this race a new spiritual gift came to mankind. God came down to man. Christ was born. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself." Christ lived and was crucified, and laid in the tomb. Christ rose from the dead. Once again there was something abnormal, unprecedented, new to the world. A new epoch in history began. And with wider hopes and fresh aspirations and loftier ideals "the Cross leads generations on".

Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away, and we know what that new seed of life has accomplished. Life came once, and there was no need that life should come again. Man came once, and there was no need that man should come again. Christ came: He rose from the dead. He will not rise again. But the triumph of Christianity, the ever-widening circle of its sphere, the transformation of human life, the ever-rising power of the Christian world, the certainties

of human progress tell us that those who first gazed in wonder and hesitation and doubt into that empty tomb were not deceivers or deceived, and that those who have lived and conquered in the Easter faith may rest assured of the truth of the Easter message.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAND.—X.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

A VERY droll academic dispute is going on to-day between two rival schools of land philosophy. One school vows land to be the root of all money. We shall never get the ideal State, it tells us, therefore until we tax the land away from those who hold it now, and run it ourselves on wholly different lines. The other school also wants to get the land away from its owners, and to establish the ideal State, but it will not allow for a moment that land is the root of all money. "What nonsense!" it exclaims amid the cheers of its supporters; "why, England would be a poor little country indeed if its only wealth lay in its land! Its wealth, of course, comes largely from industry." So the rivals go at each other in the Press, whilst the other day they went at each other in Parliament.

The academic part of their dispute—whether land is or is not the root of all wealth or of all evil—is not very important and pressing. Neither side will ever give in or confess itself beat; and the world will get as much solution or satisfaction out of its wrangle as Omar got from the two-and-seventy jarring sects—

"great Argument

About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same door as in I went".

But the non-academic part of their dispute is a very different matter—that is important and is pressing. The non-academic part is taking away the land from its holders and running it on new lines; running it—in a rather sickening cant phrase—"for the Community, Sir".

It is dead certain both sects want to burst the English land system. They only differ as to the right jemmy to be applied: they only differ as Carlyle and John Sterling agreed one night whilst walking with infinite talk somewhere by the Chelsea Embankment—to differ in opinion.

In "Great Expectations" old Orlick gradually works himself up to do away with Pip by sipping the contents of a full bottle of strong spirit. As the tilt of the bottle becomes more vertical Orlick grows savager; till at the close, the drink being all exhausted, he springs up and seizes his weapon and is ready to batter out his foe. Pip is rescued at the last moment by friends, and Orlick has to fly out of the window with oaths. But that is fiction. When the Orlicks of fact—the Orlicks of the English land—are ready to strike, no kind friends will appear on the scene at the last moment to rescue their victims. There is nothing in the world to-day surer about the future of England than that the Orlicks will presently gather their forces together and strike; and nothing surer than that nobody can save the intended victims but the victims themselves. They will not save or lose their lives on the argument that land is or is not the source of all wealth. If the only danger for the English land system lay in the argumentative defeat or the argumentative victory of the land-taxers or of the anti-land-taxers; or in the absolute proof or disproof of free exchange or of bimetallism or of State-individualism or of individualist-Socialism; the English land system might go to sleep and feel profoundly safe. But that is not the danger at all, and the question of the land is not going to be decided on any one or all of these things. It is going to be decided on the usual illogical way in life to-day: it is going to be decided very largely on the kind of *show* which the landowners, farmers and peasantry between them are making when the grand attack is presently ordered all along the line. Things of course are working up to that movement. People who think that all is now beginning to quiet

down, that this set of land theorist or land burglar or the other has been discomfited must be suffering from a most amazing delusion. But do any people really think this? I doubt in spite of what they sometimes tell each other: for whether the land in England is or is not the root of all wealth, as the single-taxers seem to believe, land is certainly the root to-day of a mighty big body of envy, hatred, and malice. It can, for one thing, be seen so convincingly: it speaks so for itself. I cannot be sure whether the man who lives in a certain house in the city has a vast deal more property than I have (though I think it exceedingly likely): but I can tell for sure that the man who lives in a big park in the midst of big fields and farms has more property than I have: and therefore whenever I am in the Have-nots v. the Haves frame of mind I am naturally more bitter against the man in the country than against the man in the city. This feeling has been at work for a long time past, and nothing is more absurd than to imagine that now of all times it is dying down. Do not let us cheat ourselves: there is no "old dead body of hate" against those who own the terribly tell-tale thing land—more tell-tale than banknotes, or gold, or jewellery, or bonds-to-bearer, or all manner of stocks and shares, seeing that these can in some degree be put out of sight: it is essentially a live body of hate.

If when the grand attack—which, surely anyone should see, is coming—comes, it finds the owners of the land working with a real good will to settle a large and powerful body of villagers on the land as freeholders, the attack will probably fail. If, on the other hand, it finds the owners cold, if not actually repellent, towards such a wise and provident reform, the end is likely to be quite otherwise. The landowner, especially he of the old rule, "the country gentleman", is not the power he was fifty years ago, a hundred years ago: and this story has been going on a long time, as witness Dr. Johnson's saying in the eighteenth century—"The Laird of Auchinleck to-day is not what the Laird of Auchinleck was a hundred years ago". Yet he is a power in the land still; and if there is one thing which he is naturally and perfectly fitted for to-day it is to play a great part in settling the best of the villagers on the soil.

If the Orlicks of the land, having tip-tilted their bottle of strong cordial—mixed with the usual measure of weak theory—and reached its dregs, strike at the country gentlemen amidst such a work as this, or when such a work has been carried through, the stroke is pretty sure to fail. Alexis de Tocqueville's great book on France before the Revolution was quoted at the start of this series. There is nothing which he shows clearer than the way in which the Seigneur before 1789 had been gradually stript of all his old authority and sphere of use in France. The Intendants, the Sub-delegates and their kind did all things. The Seigneur came to be merely the chief inhabitant of the village; scorned because he had no public duty or spirit, hated because he still enforced his old rights.

In England the country gentlemen yet keep a good deal of their old power because they have not been ousted by Intendants, Sub-delegates, paid magistrates. By its work alone will the land system be justified. In the end no argument will justify it; the total defeat—in argument—of the prairie-valuers or the single-taxers, or of any other group will not justify the land system. But it will justify and save itself if it enters keenly into this work of establishing more of the villagers on the soil. The landowners cannot carry through the whole plan: but by working in with the State they can ensure its practical success; they can bring to bear an immense local knowledge and influence. It rests largely with them to start and lead a movement.

I hope to return, not next week but later on, to this land question; and then to touch on co-operation and agricultural banks; and the form which the first aid of the State to the new freeholders should take. The importance of the question of the land and the great, sudden pressure of it are amazing when we look back a few generations. I will take a small illustration: I have a book of quotations from all Peel's chief speeches



from 1809 to 1842. The editor skilfully grouped them under different headings, such as Ireland, Military, Currency, Dissent, Poor Laws, Trade, Railroads. Land simply does not figure in the list.

### THE EXHIBITION HABIT.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

I DON'T know when organised shows of pictures started; Salons and Royal Academies came pretty late in the history of the exhibition habit. It is easily explained, the genesis of this trouble that every year aggravates. Originally the minor painters lacking patronage set out their wares on bridges and under arcades, seducing passers-by, especially on market days. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, in London certainly, it was habitual to hire a room wherein you held a one-man show. A century later the Royal Academy was launched, and the fat was well in the fire. To-day an art critic could accumulate two hatfuls of exhibition tickets nearly every week. The exhibition habit has become an orgy.

Seasoned statisticians would argue by rule of multiplication that this extravagance of art indicates colossal artistic energy, a "bumper" crop of talent. But documents would simply confound such argument by showing that the considerable artists of the last hundred years were, and are, the most abstemious from the habit. This cannot be fortuitous coincidence; beyond doubt over-indulgence begets disease, and the victim's art becomes corrupt.

Professional exhibitors are art's journalists (using the word in its insulting sense). They come to their daily tale of painting in a hard mechanical spirit; they pump up the required amount of copy, not really caring one way or the other; habit has dried up their pristine wonder and enthusiasm. In large mixed exhibitions, where these professionals herd together in discordant rivalry, every man has to utter his banality as conspicuously as possible. Thus we get the sliding scale that ends at exhibition pitch. The lamentable thing in this is that, often unconsciously, quite serious painters violate their art by forcing their pictures up and up, brutally annihilating whatever truth conceived them in order to be noticed in the exhibition gymnasium.

Miss Beatrice Bland has a large show at the Alpine Club; her work can be roughly divided into spontaneous and exhibition pieces. I wonder if in time this division will become less sharp as the oily emulgence of the exhibition habit oozes over her sensitiveness. At present there is no need to despond, for her perception is active and she is not so far gone as regards false pitch that she could not pull herself up. But, as I have said, the danger is there; many pictures have been so persecuted with manipulation in order that they should tell and score that at last they have the loaded fishy glitter of a lady whose make-up, too, has been indiscreet and ineffectual. If a picture or a complexion does not take its place and "tell" by unaided truth and original intention, no amount of screwing up and heightening will make it pleasant or pass it through as the right thing. But when Miss Bland relies upon her spontaneous perception of Nature and lets exhibition pitch go, her work has a fresh and sensitive individuality that places it high in its school. Her paintings of flower gardens are unusually good, pieces drenched with the hues of larkspurs, roses, and carnations, and masses of rich white, but yet keyed down to the quiet patient light that succeeds sunset. Ordinary garden pictures testify to the difficulty of flower painting out of doors; their thin acid colour and niggling detail have discredited this branch of landscape. But Miss Bland justifies it, so sure is her sympathy, so fine her sense of colour. The best landscapes are Nos. 21, 56, 74, and especially "The Approaching Shower", which has an individual quality of seeing, handling and colour.

This picture is a study for another not exhibited. As a rule studies are painted at the hour when the artist, relaxing, gives himself up to an emotion. When he pulls his sketch out later in the studio reason steps

in, and taking over the picture's destiny degrades into the obvious what was elusive in the sketch, wipes down the accents of spontaneity into tame commonplace, and generally sets in motion the exhibitionising process. The late Arthur Lemon, of whose work a memorial show is now being held in the Goupil Gallery, can best be appreciated in his little sketches, in which his agreeable sense of colour and out of doors is at liberty. But, alas, the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House was a habit with Arthur Lemon. At one time he might have risen to the real demands of the subjects he painted, cattle and horses, and expressed some elemental grandeur, some heroic character. If only painters could come to horses and oxen with innocent eyes, completely forgetting that Man (with the greatest possible M) has in large measure degraded not only these beasts but also our vision of them, they would see them in a strange light, as creatures of a superhuman nobility of form and pagan beauty. Indeed a horse is very honourable in that he preserves this primal grandeur even in a circus or a growler; we, his lords, are physically much further from the Panathenaic Cavalcade than is he or an ordinary cow.

In the Leicester Galleries Mr. Herbert Draper hardly challenges another outbreak of anti-academic criticism. There also Mr. Munnings is showing a series of horse and country-life pictures. He certainly knows his way about a horse and in his more spontaneous exhibits passes on to us an impression of true equine character, the horsiness of a horse in fact. His country fair pictures are clever in their momentary sense of crowds and movement. But unless he watch it the exhibition habit will claim him too, and the better part of his career will go to putting an elegant gloss, a kind of Bond Street complexion, on the hides of thoroughly domesticated hacks.

So far I have dwelt upon current victims of the habit. But among my hatful of exhibition tickets two have come from shows whose authors are immune. One is still at the Leicester Galleries—William Callow's pencil drawings—the other is Mr. Walter Sickert's, in the Carfax rooms. Callow's exhibition differs from Mr. Sickert's in this, that it is made without his consent (he being dead) and probably shocks his spirit very much. Mr. Sickert presumably is a willing victim. But their drawings agree in appearing to spring purely from private interest and enthusiasm. They are intimate utterances, private thoughts; as it were the organic inner workings of the artist mind. In them we feel that we surprise professional secrets, so gaining insight to the special ways in which these painters think in the secure privacy of a studio or the lonely hillside. Most of Callow's drawings belong to about seventy years ago, but they are not stamped with the seal of a particular period; they might have been done by a very good draughtsman last week. Good pure point work betokens the rarest technical gifts and concentrated knowledge. Finely to draw these blocks and distant lines of confused buildings with their complex structure and perspective, taking refuge in no convenient evasions of wash or colour, demands such extraordinary certainty that drawings of Callow's quality are only rarely made. Some of Mr. Sickert's drawings date from his first period, some from about his penultimate. All are interesting and some unique in that no other artist has suggested so much of the intimate human life resident in buildings and of the thick psychic atmosphere that crowds interiors, yet palpitating with the various passions exhaled by brutish occupants.

### THE COMPOSER, PAST AND PRESENT.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

FEW intelligent persons to-day are so ill-informed as to be ignorant of the fact that the present is not the sixteenth century and that between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries a great gulf is set. However, should any recalcitrant maintain that there is no

gulf, no difference, I advise him, for his own good, if he be possessed of a musical ear, to attend such a service as those held in Westminster Cathedral this week and then a concert such as was given by Mr. Balfour Gardiner in Queen's Hall on Tuesday night—"and then", in Byron's words—"you'll see". I believe no such programme as Dr. Terry's for a week of Lenten music has ever been offered in the world before; and it is only of recent years that an occasional daring soul, like Mr. Holbrook, has ventured to insult the English public by inviting them to listen to modern English music. Naturally I seized the chance of comparing one of the services—the musical part, of course—with Mr. Gardiner's concert. The latter-day men do not come off best. Such spontaneous music as Soriano's setting of the Passion according to S. Mark does not flow from our composers' pens. Such great, broad, naïve, sincere music as the Kyrie Eleison of Ockland and the Salvator mundi of Tallis is not created nowadays. It is true we have got something instead, but that something is not so fine. Precisely what it is I shall try to say presently; but let me say first what some of this old music is.

Ockland is a composer of whom I know absolutely nothing. But no sooner had a dozen bars of his Kyrie been sung than I realised that here was a man who, whatever small defects or great qualities he may possess, was a splendid master of the technique of his time. Whether he helped to build up that technique or simply profited by other men's invention is a question I do not feel called upon to settle just now; but he was a master of it, and used it to fine ends. The early composers did not sentimentalise over the Kyrie: they directly expressed their feelings, not endeavouring to paint a picture of themselves on bended knees with streaming eyes upraised to heaven. Ockland goes to work, if I may say it without seeming flippant, as a healthy man sits down to eat his dinner. The music is noble in accent: the dignity never leaves it: it never becomes in the slightest degree abject. I mean it does not whine in the manner cultivated by modern composers seeking to show in what a state of commotion their precious souls are thrown when they contemplate the Almighty goodness and perfection above and their miserable struggling selves beneath. Soriano's stuff is of a rather different stamp. Much of his music is quite familiar to me, and I was fully aware that in his old-style way he wrote for effect. But in a setting of the story of the Passion such richness, gorgeousness, brilliancy, as we find in Turbae came with a sudden shock of surprise. Yet the end achieved justifies the use of high colours. We have in tones that become almost visual the splendour and pomp of the angry crowd that surrounds the Saviour. A more careful and deliberate analysis than is now possible will reveal many subtleties and fine qualities; and I hope Dr. Terry will publish the work, if he has not already done so. The Salvator Mundi must be familiar to many who have never entered a Roman church. It is Tallis in his greatest, grandest manner. I have so often praised Dr. Terry that it is not advisable, everything considered, to do so again; but at least I may call attention to the tremendous programme he arranged and to the infinite amount of labour it must have meant to carry it through. The singing of his men and boys was beyond any praise.

At Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concert one found oneself at once in a startlingly different atmosphere. Shepherd, Byrde, Tallis, on the one hand; Bantock, Bax, Austin and Gardiner on the other: the very names tell of a generation estranged from the sixteenth century. I dare say the name of Gardiner was in existence when the mighty William arrived on these shores to conduct our affairs for us; but certainly not until this generation—and fairly late in it too—has it been associated with music. But the contrast in suggestion between the names and the contrast, so to speak, in audible fact between the music of the two ages is not a matter to be quibbled about. The aim of the sixteenth century I have already described: the aim of the twentieth everyone knows without suffering the boredom of any description. However, I may remind the reader that in its best aspect the modern aim is to convey the complex

emotions of modern people, to depict modern life, to throw out rare random hints of the beauty and mystery of the world as they are felt by modern people. A lower aim is to startle, stagger and stupefy us all with the musical effects, orchestral and other, devised by modern musicians. For a long time there has been a clean-cut line of demarcation between the musics of the two sets of composers, those who write to communicate something they have deeply felt, and by communicating which they hope to win our love, and those others whose idea goes no deeper than to win our admiration, or at least arouse our astonishment, by doing tricks on the orchestra. To-day I intend to leave the latter class alone: enough has been said about it here during recent months. To-day I take, first, Mr. Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance". This is, properly speaking, a symphonic poem (since we must use terms as to which there is a common understanding); but it is very far from being a symphonic poem in the opprobrious meaning of that term. It is not an endeavour to write opera-music without taking the pains to write opera; neither, on the other hand, is it one of those compositions in which a bad story is made an excuse for the inconsequence, brokenness, of the music, nor the technical requirements an excuse for the choice of a bad and stupid story. At this second hearing—or it may be the third—I distinctly caught something of the Thomas Hardy flavour and atmosphere: not pungent, acute, astringent, as Wagner would have done it, but delicate and sufficiently to the point, and above all truthful. From the popular point of view—and I am using popular in its best sense—there is perhaps not enough variety in the character of the music itself. Change of character, in music worth listening to at all, is not brought about by setting it forth for different groups of instruments: the differences of feeling must be genuine and expressed with absolute faithfulness, or there will result something of that monotony compared by Wagner to the case of the old general who sang everything to the tune of the Dessauer March. I referred to this defect in the music of our young men some time ago, and I now beg them urgently to take the matter into their serious consideration. The piano concerto of Delius is even further than Mr. Gardiner's work from the spirit of the mediæval world, but it is stamped with the same sincerity. On the whole it seems to me the best thing Delius has written; and I wish he would return to this "manner"—or, I would prefer to say, his way of doing things—of ten years ago. Since then he seems to have tried to out-Strauss Strauss and out-Debussy Debussy in the mere matter of "effects", and his music has steadily lost in virility and strength and elasticity of fibre. The first and last movements are by far the best, the first with its lovely and touching second subject, the last so full of the passion for which a voice is found in the pounding chords in five-four time. The concerto was written for Busoni, and I suspect that great pianist had something to do with the many brilliantly designed pianistic passages. To say this is not to disparage Delius nor to underrate his invention and musicianship; I simply mean that no musician who was not at the same time a master of the piano could possibly have shaped the virtuoso show passages precisely as they now stand. Anyhow, the work is a very fine one, and it is to be hoped Delius will give us some more like it. Mr. Bax' "In the fairy hills" is very delicious music, fresh and dainty. Fairy-like I cannot really call it: it is not easy to write fairy music. Wagner's remark anent the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture will be remembered—"Pretty, but these are not fairies: they are gnats!" Of Mr. Frederic Austin's new symphony I shall have a good deal to say on some future occasion. It struck me at the first hearing as being both bold and timid: bold in plan and timid in execution. It is fairer both to author and to critic to postpone a discussion until I feel sure I understand it. "Fifine at the Fair" of Granville Bantock is one of the most complicated scores I have lately set eyes on; and it, too, must wait until a subsequent performance has afforded me a chance of learning what it is all about. Of course I am acquainted with the verbal "Fifine at the Fair" and



many other of Browning's prose writings; but not by any exercise of my imagination can I fit that to Mr. Bantock's music, or the music to what is called the poem. The themes, to my ear, lack distinction and distinctiveness: not one of them remained with me a quarter of an hour after I had left the concert.

Mr. Balfour Gardiner will certainly appreciate my kindness in offering him so much excellent advice, but as certainly he will not make any use of it. Still, I hope for the best; and I hope also he will go bravely on producing the best English music of to-day he can lay hands on. The English music of yesterday is being looked after; most of the conductors of to-day care neither for the English music of to-day nor for that of yesterday; and a splendid task is left for Mr. Gardiner to perform.

## THE TEACHING OF GOLF.—II.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE man who has most to gain from a good teacher of golf and most to suffer from a bad one is he who takes up the game after the age of thirty, for any previous experience he may have of playing games will be of little use to him; and, except for the advantage of having his frame and muscles well knitted by the practice of athletics, no previous experience of cricket or racquets or even hockey will avail him much on the golf links. For golf, as people who read about it are told until they are sick, is like no other game in the world. It is the only game at which the ball to be struck to a distance is stationary. It is the only game at which, when a missile is to be aimed at a distant object, the missile, and not the object, is looked at. There are other differences, but it is these two which cause so much bewilderment when faculties trained in more conventional methods of striking are brought to bear on golf. The only thing—and it is a considerable thing—which gives the mature beginner at golf who has had a training in other games an advantage over an equally strong player who has not, is that his eye is trained to control striking movements and to bring them to bear on the exact point desired. Given something to be struck and something to strike it with, the man whose eye is trained will miss far less often than the man whose eye is not trained.

If you ask the average golfer, by which I mean the sixteen-handicap man aged between thirty and fifty, if he has ever had any lessons, the answer is almost invariably the same. "Oh yes, I have had lessons from all sorts of people, but they never did me any good." He is probably quite right; the lessons he had did him no good. But that was the fault of the lessons, and not because there is any inherent mystery about golf which makes it possible to play it only by the light of inspiration. Like everything else, it is governed by principles, and the discovery, analysis, study, and application of those principles will produce good golf. The trouble is that only one man in a thousand will either take the trouble to discover them or is capable of analysing and applying them. The ordinary method by which the professional exponent of the game evolves his principles is that he endeavours to find some general laws which will seem to explain his own success in striking the ball with power and judgment; and these he preaches as the gospel of golf. This man who never misses the ball, and who always adopts a particular stance, will say that that stance is necessary to the playing of a good ball; although if he happened always to wear the same make of underclothing he might just as logically say that the wearing of that fabric was also necessary to the striking of a good ball. The truth is that a successful stroke in golf is due to the co-ordination of several movements; their resultant harmony gives the perfect shot. Hardly one of them is by itself essential, because inaccuracy in one of them may be compensated for by the others. A well-trained eye will thus, in the downward stroke, correct a slightly faulty position at the top of the swing; an alteration

of stance will correct a slightly inaccurate wrist position. A good player can afford to be wrong in any one of half a dozen movements; but the indifferent player must be correct in them all, or he is likely to come to grief.

One reason for the average player's disbelief in the teaching of golf has been made clear to me in many conversations. It is impatience. A man who has been in the habit of driving one hundred and sixty yards can, by a good teacher, be easily made to drive two hundred or more. But what actually happens? He goes to the genuine teacher, who very soon detects where the weakness or fault lies, and who proceeds to correct it. Under his eye the added length is quickly obtained. But when next the player goes out on the links he has become self-conscious; he is aware that he must do something different from what he has been in the habit of doing, what has become easy and natural for him. His mind is directed upon the faulty point while he is making his swing; the harmony which he had achieved is upset; very likely he makes a mess of the shot. That makes him angry. It is only human nature to prefer to win a hole than to lose it. Perhaps this happens two or three times; and then he decides to go back to his old way, which is at least fairly safe for a hundred and sixty yards. He makes the shot with confidence, and it comes off; he decides that the teaching only upset him, and when he goes back to the clubhouse he talks convincingly and from experience of the futility of trying to learn another man's method of play. And he and all the other mediocrities go on talking about their "natural game".

After all there is nothing strange about that. What they call their "natural game" has been acquired through much patience, anger, humiliation, labour, disappointment, and grief; and they have at last attained to it, and they see the possibility of its being destroyed or demoralised without the certainty of anything better being put in its place. The patience to persevere through a period of bad and unsettled play to a greater height than they have formerly achieved is beyond them. It requires an almost inhuman degree of determination and will-power to make up one's mind to a period of several weeks of play that is definitely below one's average. When it comes to the point, and the player and his opponent are standing at the tee, all considerations of study are apt to vanish. We want to win our game—this game at any rate; we will postpone the experiments for another day—the day that never comes, for the golfer snatches at his joy as if every day on the links might be his last, and he cannot bear to mar it by the sowing of seed for a harvest that may never be reaped.

Yet it is just these men, the sixteen-handicap players, who stand to benefit most by scientific instruction. There is hardly one of them who could not be brought down to twelve or ten by a really scientific course of lessons; and by that I mean by submitting themselves to an experienced, watchful instructor, who will really put his brain and conscientious effort into the task of studying their form, finding out the line on which their own healthy tendencies can be most naturally produced, and the way in which their most damaging faults can be most smoothly eliminated. And here I would say, though I am a firm believer in the merits of this kind of teaching, that I think it to be almost useless unless the player has absolute confidence in his instructor. Not only must the instructor have all the qualities which I have mentioned, but the learner must be convinced that he has them. It is worse than useless, while submitting to the correction of one's own methods, to be haunted by a doubt whether there is not some sounder method than the one now being applied. It is like being treated by a doctor for a disease where the treatment involves some effort and self-discipline on one's own part, when all the time one believes that there is some other doctor who could cure one without any self-discipline at all. The teacher must work, and work hard; but so must the pupil.

I am told that a well-known professional, who is also a good teacher, proposed some years ago to the

Professional Golfers' Association that they, as a body, should issue licences to those of their members who could prove themselves really qualified to teach golf; that they should, as it were, confer a degree, the possession of which would mean that in the opinion of the best professional golfers of the country the holder of it was a person competent to teach the principles, and a doctor qualified to cure the diseases, of golf. And I was not surprised to learn that this proposal was immediately squashed. The members knew well that most of them would never have such a diploma conferred upon them. As I said before, they are nearly all "natural" golfers; only a few of them have the kind of mind capable of close and patient observation and the hard thinking necessary to analyse and disentangle the actual principles of golf. The Professional Golfers' Association is a very fine body of players and of good fellows; but, considered as a teaching organisation, it is a body of quacks, and its persistence in the policy of quack teaching, which is bad for golf, is also bad for themselves from a business point of view. The greedy, short-sighted fix-you-up-with-a-bag-of-clubs-and-take-you-round-the-links policy is, I am convinced, one of the causes which have produced the bitter cry of the professional that his earnings are not what they used to be. I dare say they are not. It is the public, to whom he must look for his wages, that he persistently discourages. And the golfing public may be a goose, but it lays golden eggs.

#### "DE ORBE NOVO."\*

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

PETER MARTYR of Anghera was not so much a man as a living newspaper. His "*De Orbe Novo*" is interesting and valuable in precisely the same way as a phonograph record may be valuable a hundred years hence. His education and priestly calling stopped him from being an explorer of the New World, and he had no missionary zeal. At the same time he took the keenest interest in all things connected with the Conquest and the Conquerors. His position as a canon of Granada, and as a member of the Council of the Indies and as historiographer, gave him the opportunity of talking with everyone of interest, from Columbus downwards, who returned from the New World.

Soldiers and sailors, missionaries, adventurers, Indians and governors of provinces, he knew them all, talked with them, entertained them in his hospitable house, and from every one of them learned something, which he seems at once to have set down in fluent but dog Latin, and written off at once to princes and to popes.

Thus his book is a complete *Omnium Gatherum*, Sea Pie, Olla Podrida, Salmagundi, or Hotch-potch of facts, of legends, of lore about the Indians, observations on the climate, plants, soil, rivers, lakes, mountains, men, and manners of each new province as it was discovered, conquered, and accounts of it came to his ken.

All seem to have confided in him, captured, no doubt, by his transparent honesty, his kindness, and his extraordinary appetite for facts. Having had so much first-hand information poured into his ears, it is remarkable that he contrived to make it so little interesting. Still, though his eight decades or epistles dealing with the Indies are a mine of curious and undigested knowledge, in human interests they are far inferior to the narratives of less cultured men, such as Bernal Díaz del Castillo, or Pedro Cieza de León. His account of the taking of Mexico is tame indeed beside the letters of Cortés, perhaps because he wrote merely from hearsay and without having been a witness of the scene.

Still, he was a scholar and a liberal-minded man; not over-credulous, that is to say his credulity was of a different kind from ours, and only showed itself about strange animals, and customs of strange men he had not

seen, and whose strange forms and doings he only had heard spoken of at second-hand. In weighing actual characters of men, such as Cortés, or Pedro Arias de Avila, Alonso de Ojeda, and many others, his judgment rarely was at fault. In fact, he seems to have been singularly clear-sighted and free from prejudice. No cant, or still less any sentimentality, obscured his keen and trenchant view of men, and his shrewd, subtle Italian mind, practised for years in judging men at the Court of Ferdinand the Catholic (a very hotbed of intrigue), was much more perspicacious than are most of the judgments formed by modern writers of men of the same kind. As an example of his perspicacity, nothing is better than his judgment of Cortés; nothing must have been harder at the time than to regard him without prejudice.

On the one side, his exploits spoke for themselves. His military genius was perhaps the greatest of his day, for neither Charles V. nor "*el Gran Capitán*" had ever found himself placed in such straits as was Cortés after his first retreat from Mexico. On the other hand, his overweening pride, his love of money and of power, had raised up enemies on every side. His courage and above all his unfailing courtesy were so great that his name had, as it were, a halo of romance about it which his success kept bright. Peter Martyr saw all this clearly, although, seeing it so closely as he did, it must have been most difficult for him to keep his head. When one thinks of the oceans of indiscriminating praise that almost choked the fame of Rhodes under their turgid waves, making him seem ridiculous and his flatterers fulsome, much credit falls to the quiet canon of Granada for his discrimination and his insight into men.

Quoting from what he heard from a returned adventurer, one Cristobal Perez Hernan, he says of Cortés: "Cortés usually dresses in black silk; his attitude is not proud, except that he likes to be surrounded by a large number of servants. . . . He accepts salutations affably. . . ." How like this is to contemporary accounts of Charles V., and also to the celebrated account of Francisco Pizarro by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega. Both Charles and Pizarro always dressed in black, both were devoid of pride. In fact, the absence of external pride is the chief feature of the Spanish character to-day as it was in the time of Charles V.

A little further on Peter Martyr shows how little bigotry entered into his mind. He describes the celebrated conversation between Montezuma and Cortés, when the latter ordered the idols to be thrown down, or, as the translator might say, "ordered the idols thrown down". "'Bear in mind, Cortés' (said Montezuma) 'that the ceremonies we have observed and solemnised until now were taught us by our ancestors . . . perhaps our ancestors left to themselves found these rites observed by the aborigines of that time . . . and you need not be astonished that we have committed the above grave faults' (human sacrifices) 'if faults they be.'" What more reasonable arguments could a man use in defending the religion of his ancestors? Peter Martyr cites them without comment, and after telling us of the sermon that Cortés preached to poor Montezuma, says with what seems a covert sneer, "Speaking thus, Cortés transformed himself, for the occasion, from a lawyer" (he had been for a short time a judge in Cuba) "to a theologian".

Again, when Cortés was fitting out an expedition to the South Seas, which was much criticised, he says, "Cortés has accomplished such great things that I cannot believe him to be so wanting in common-sense as to undertake at his own cost such an expedition . . . did he not possess some certitude or at least some probability of success".

These are not the words of a blind partisan, nor of a man disturbed by prejudice. Lastly he puts his finger on one of the chief blots of the character of Cortés, calling him greedy of titles and distinctions; but at the same time says all the reports about him contradict each other. This is enough to show how even-minded was the man, and how fit for an historian, giving one as

\* "*The Eight Decades of Peter Martyr of Anghera.*" Translated by Francis Augustus MacNutt. London and New York: Putnam. Two Vols. 1912. 50s. net.



he does both sides without dropping a blot of ink upon the scales. In this his keen Latin mind, his training and his natural fair-mindedness put him upon a different level as to credibility, from men who, such as Prescott, wrote as blind partisans, puffed up with pride, both of religion and of race.

Whether the fact that they were fellow-countrymen made Peter Martyr take a fairer and more generous view of Columbus than many Spanish writers, both then and since, have done, I do not know; but I think not, for although he had not a light touch in his writings, certainly he had a most judicial mind. Most Spaniards of the baser sort, just as would be the case to-day with vulgar men (and minds), never could forget that they had seen Columbus, poor and out-at-elbows, hanging round the Court, for then as now poverty was the unpardonable crime. Peter Martyr rose superior to such a common view, and saw the real generosity and greatness of the man shine through his threadbare clothes.

Though the touch is not light, the matter is so interesting that the book is fascinating. Without it, we should know but little of the inhabitants of Cuba (then called Fernandina), Hispaniola and Jamaica, for in a generation all were gone, worked to death in the mines, or killed for sport, just as the natives of the Putumayo in our day. No one can doubt, as someone says,\* that the advent of the white man to races dwelling in the Tropics has been the heaviest curse that God has yet allowed to fall upon them.

Our Western Pharisees, a large and unctuous band, are always ready to exclaim against the Spaniards' cruelty. Certainly no one can deny it; but it comes with a bad grace from men of a generation who have known the bombardment of the defenceless town of Casa Blanca, the horrors of the Congo, of the Putumayo, and of Tripoli, not to speak of a hundred others I could name, and in which we ourselves have had our share. The fact is, human beings alter little, and as to-day there are humane and broad-minded men, so were there such when Peter Martyr wrote. The great Las Casas, the Apostle to the Indians, is an instance; but Pedro Cieza de León and Bernal Díaz del Castillo, both common soldiers as well as chroniclers, protest emphatically and often against the horrors that they saw and the injustices. Peter Martyr himself was another instance that proves that men of kindly feelings are not the product of a single age. Writing on what went on in Darien, he says: "It contains many gold mines; but I wish that neither Pedro Arias † nor any of those who seek gold to the everlasting hurt of the unfortunate natives knew anything of them. We have often agitated the question before your Holiness" (he is writing to the Pope), "and in our India Council it is now settled. The Indians are to be free, and may work in their own fields or at Christian trades. If any of them choose voluntarily to labour for wages they may be employed as paid workmen". It cannot be too strongly insisted on that the code known as the "Laws of the Indies" was both excellent and humane, and that both the Catholic kings, Charles V. and Philip II., believed its provisions were being carried out.

Scoundrels, anxious to get rich, disgraced the name of men as they have done to-day, but that does not form any argument for a wild abuse of Spain. As Peter Martyr says, "When our compatriots reach that remote world . . . carried away by love of gold they become ravenous wolves . . . and heedless of the royal institutions".

The "De Orbe Novo" is a book no student of the conquest of the New World can do without. It was the first book published on the subject, and was given to the world even before the letters of Cortés.

The translation is well and adequately done, not without traces though, in footnotes and the like, of the same prejudice that forms a blot on Prescott's histories. One

thing is characteristic of the times. The portraits are all of Cardinals and Popes. All worthy men of course; but how much rather would we have had those of Cortés, Pedro de Alvarado, of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, and of the "Gentil Genovese", who must have seemed a madman to the courtiers of the Catholic Kings in the camp before Granada, when they were carrying out what they thought was the greatest exploit of the day.

#### ONE FACE, ANOTHER MIND.

IT is an eery thing to be talking to a man and hearing him talk, to be looking at him, and all the while not to hear him, nor to see him, but to be hearing and seeing another. He who is before you, to whom you are speaking, is nothing; no more than a talking doll or other mechanical toy; something irrelevant with whom you have no communion, coming between you and the real person. This may sound like vulgar fancies or even "horrors"; all sorts of coarse explanations of the phenomenon will rise readily to the profane mind: seeing double is easily accounted for. The aberration is in you and not in him behind whom you see another. You are a diseased person, it may be in mind, it may be in body. It is true that something of the same effect might be produced by optical or mental illusion; but the secret of this particular eeriness lies precisely in the clear perception of the truth, in the knowledge that you are talking to the man you feel you are not talking to and are not talking to him with whom you feel you do talk. You are not deceived; you see things clearly as they are. Seeing things as they are and feeling them to be as they are not: there is the eeriness. The unreal—you know it to be unreal—is to you the real; the real withdraws into nothingness or remains merely as a veil to keep you from reality. This double perception produces the effect of a dual personality in the man before you: an ill effect. There is no more hauntingly unpleasant idea than that of a man having two souls. Or, to put it in another way, of a body belonging to one soul being tenanted by another. The right body with not its own soul is a "creepy" monster. It is also, fortunately, an impossible monster, which accounts for its horror when you think, or rather feel, that you have met it. And you can feel this, and probably most of us have felt it, when talking to one who by some secret of his face or, as often, of his voice or of both insistently suggests another. It is not a matter of mere likeness; two men or two women may be nearly doubles in feature and the one hardly recall the other, beyond a mention that they are like. That common kind of likeness is easily explicable, easily dissected. It is of the outside only; for it does not call up another man or woman, but merely a common form. And yet the likeness that does call up another and in a way that cannot be put by is also really of the outside only; for as often as not there is no likeness in character between the man and him whom his face calls up. Spiritual kinship has nothing to do with the suggestion. It is certainly something of a mystery that a physical trait, some physiognomic line, can make another man or woman insistently present. One man may be twin to another in character and like him in face, yet not call him up to anybody. Another, less like in outline and unlike in character, brings him before you at once. What is the secret? The fact at any rate is certain. Is there any of us who has not talked to some man or woman whose face or voice brought someone else we knew so really to our mind that all the time we were talking to him and not to the man before us? Your mind dwells on the friend called up; he is with you; you are thinking of him; you see him; you hear him; the other man, the man actually talking, loses significance for you; you hear his voice going on ringing mechanically; the real voice is not his. You pull yourself together and try to talk to the man, but the tone of voice or some facial movement sends you back to your friend. You cannot get away from him. He is so much there that you begin to feel that it is really he that is behind the face you are looking at; and the lips that

\* It may be Mr. Nevinson.

† This is Pedro Arias de Avila, who executed (or murdered) Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific.]

go on pouring out words that have nothing to do with him, words that are not his, must have got out of control; they speak gibberish; the face runs on, but irresponsible to the mind, your friend's mind, behind it. You are glad to get away and talk to someone else.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A HOME ARMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 West Park Road, 3 March 1913.

SIR—If the Cambridge military movement prove to be the first symptom of a national awakening, it should be a matter for general rejoicing, and any criticism of it may seem to be ill-timed and ungenerous; but the issue is too serious to admit of ceremony.

The supreme importance of its object—to provide an army to protect these islands—admits of no discussion; but one of the Cambridge speakers implied that there were two ways of creating this army, namely, military training or conscription. This is not so; there is but one way of making an army. If the system of military training carries the day, we shall not gain the object sought; for it will give us a force lamentably wanting in the first and highest quality of an army—discipline. It is difficult to impress on the public the superlative value of what can be neither weighed nor measured—a habit of mind; but all sound soldiers, from Clearchus down, have unanimously declared that discipline is the first of military virtues. Service as an adjutant of volunteers impressed me strongly with the fact that while volunteers could learn more drill in a week than soldier recruits learnt in a month, the recruits acquired as much discipline in a week as the volunteers acquired in a year. The more active a man's mind, the longer it takes to discipline him. I may be told that present-day tactics dispense with the rigid discipline of former times. Discipline, like many other good things, may have been carried to an extreme in the past; but the importance of strict and rational discipline has been heightened by the modern changes in tactics. In former times a man fought under the eye and within reach of the voice of his officer; at present he is frequently beyond his officer's ken, and while requiring stronger reasoning powers than of old a soldier must be so highly disciplined as to respond instantly to any distant and faint indication of his officer's will.

To ensure our safety we want a large home army—that is a numerous and disciplined body of men—and discipline can only be learnt by prolonged submission to military rule; or, in more definite words, by military service of at least one year.

Yours obediently

H. W. L. HIME.

### PACIFISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 March 1913.

SIR—Criticism of Mr. Norman Angell so often takes the form of a confutation of what he does not say that a suggestion that he is mistaken in something that he does say may be welcome. One of his main positions in "The Great Illusion" is that from various causes the idea of nationality and of nation as opposed to nation is on the wane. Is not the exact contrary true? There are causes which tend to cut across the divisions between nations, but in our time those which tend to intensify these divisions have obviously more force. What is more significant than the patent fact that the anti-militarism of the Socialists, for instance, collapses and becomes impotent the moment that the mere rumour of war sets nations in conscious opposition?

In that remarkable work "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" by Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain (translated from the German) occurs the following: "Ranke had prophesied that our century would be a century of nationality; that was a correct political

prognostic, for never before have the nations stood opposed to each other so clearly and definitely as antagonistic unities".

Does not this express the real truth?

I am yours faithfully

H. M. S.

### FOOD TAXES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dominica, 29 January 1913.

SIR—A residence of some twenty years in the West Indies does not necessarily lessen one's interest in home politics, although, in spite of occasional trips to the old country and a fairly assiduous study of the English papers, one unfortunately becomes an outsider as far as public opinion in England is concerned. And as such an outsider I ask you to be kind enough to allow me to make a few heterodox remarks on the subject of food taxes.

In the first place, What is food? A resident in a British tropical colony is inclined to generalise hastily and reply, "Any article of consumption that does not form the staple product of some tropical colony". England's fiscal policy is not tainted with selfish commercialism. But, seriously, would not the average artisan's wife be somewhat surprised to learn that sugar, tea, cocoa and coffee are not foodstuffs, or at any rate so necessary to the well-being and comfort of her household that they may fairly be ranked as such? Yet this does not by any means complete the list of articles of consumption that now pay import duty into Great Britain. The big loaf and little loaf placards so much heard of a few years ago would point to the fact that bread alone is under consideration when food taxes are mentioned; the total value of wheat, wheat-meal, and flour imported into the British Isles in 1911 was, according to "Whitaker" forty-four million pounds, while the list of foodstuffs now taxed, excluding wines, spirits and tobacco, amounted to over fifty million.

In 1880 the price of wheat was 25s. 8d. per quarter, in 1909 36s. 11d., and if this heavy rise in price brought the people to the verge of starvation they bore it with a stoicism not now generally attributed to the nation; during the next two years, the price fell to 31s. 8d. (equivalent to nearly three times the tax it has been proposed to levy upon foreign wheat alone), and the universal rejoicing at this cheapening of the people's bread has been most admirably restrained.

It is worth while mentioning, in parenthesis, that a tax upon bread that would produce to the Exchequer 3½d. per week per household would pay the estimated cost of the Insurance Act for the current year.

We are accustomed in the West Indies to have our food and everything else taxed for the purposes of revenue, and a tax (in Dominica) of 12s. a quarter on flour in no way tends to check its consumption. When the Reciprocity Agreement with Canada comes into force this duty on Canadian flour will be reduced to 10s. There have been no public rejoicings over the fact that "our food will cost us less"; on the contrary, we are much worried as to how, if it is found necessary to recover the revenue lost by this reduction, this can be done without collecting it in a way that we shall feel considerably more.

The fact is that if it were possible to impose a tax on foreign wheat of 2s. or even 4s. a quarter without disclosing the fact to the public, the public would never dream that they were paying it—ordinary market fluctuations are much greater. The matter of food taxes has been made a party cry. Free Traders are quite right to use it for all that, and a great deal more than it is worth, but it is a pity that the Tariff Reformers have acquiesced in the obscuring of the issues, have attempted to defend a position that never really existed, and as such a position is obviously indefensible are now hedging about the whole matter. Foodstuffs have been taxed for years, and everyone is quite accustomed to paying the taxes. The real question is, from the point of view of the outsider Shall England continue to tax foods that



principally affect her own colonists, or shall she place a little more of that burden upon the shoulders of the foreigner?  
I am Sir yours etc.  
E. A. AGAR.

#### BY RIVER STEAMER IN AUSTRIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sewelle Villa Clifton, 17 March 1913.

SIR—There is one statement in your reviewer's notice of "Austria, her People and their Homelands", which may deter English travellers from traversing a great part of the Austrian Empire by the most pleasant and the cheapest mode of travel. Your reviewer says the river journeys are "beyond the reach of the average tourist", whereas one can live well and comfortably on board the Austrian steamboats for 5s. to 6s. a day. I give the cost on page 109, and the traveller sees more of the daily life of the people on these boats than he possibly can by railway travel, and of course more of the scenery.

Thanking you for the space so kindly given to the work  
I am yours faithfully

JAMES BAKER.

#### THE NEW ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paradise Row, Eighth Floor.

SIR—By great good fortune I get the SATURDAY—somewhat late, of course—in the attic where I make an exiguous living as an occasional contributor to the Press. A recent number has given me a shock which has turned me almost from decent pessimism to despair. I was reading the other day in Johnson (the lexicographer, not the famous pugilist) the lines—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause awhile from letters to be wise",

and I saw in a flash after the hint in your columns that I had lost touch with that world, I who in more fortunate days dined with Peter Jackson and was among the first to applaud Harry Lauder.

Everyone writes now from the released criminal to the flapper; I was aware of that. What I did not realise is that our brightest and best cultivate bad English and bad grammar as an art, unless they have a natural gift for it which was unknown in my day. Now my misguided parents put me to Latin prose and Greek verse, where one must get the cases and verbs right. O fatal futility, I was taught to be accurate, I was requested to be lucid! I even got the habit of looking up what I did not know. I was put off all the fine guesses in which imagination improves on language and mere fact. So now I discover that my manner is hopeless, as well as my matter. What can I do to correct these obsolete habits, and get my writing taken? My main hope resides in the modern books of reference which supply the mistakes ready made. But here the Press doesn't help me enough, for I find it occasionally praises a book by a writer who knows what he is talking about and who indulges in the vice of decent English. I see that my future is hopeless; but, never able to help myself, I never give up the idea of helping humanity at large. There may be a number of wretched creatures like myself with hopes of writing. I hardly think so from the specimens of the daily Press that reach me; but I wish to think so in order that I may do something for fine literature before I disappear. Though less interested in "votes for women" than in the Dickensian V for W, I am capable of the hunger-strike. By its aid I shall live on until I can gather a representative collection of the Hundred Worst Books as a model for future ages. Pardon the slip! Old habits again—I mean the hundred books which best emphasise the delightful freedom and originality of modern style. It will be an invaluable library, especially for those deluded young men who come from our Universities with a literary taint due to widely inflected languages, for I shall annotate all the more splendid passages. I shall show how easy it

would have been—such is the force of obsolescent tradition!—for the writers to fall into the degraded path of accuracy and grammar; and how ingeniously they give new meanings and forms to apparently familiar words. I shall deal with more subtle points, too. I shall explain how they please everybody, even the inconsiderable minority to which I belong. You have no idea of the thrill to be got out of a reference to an ancient author in which his name, date, sex, language, and views are all novel. I positively dote on the idea of Lucian as a Japanese lady.

Pray pardon the fact that one side of the sheets on which I write is cumbered by an unpublished Greek dictionary, and believe me your obedient but distracted servant  
PENNIALINUS.

#### "BYZANTINE AND ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eagle House Wimbledon, 18 March 1913.

SIR—In your review of my book on this subject you say that my "apparent ignorance of recent Syrian exploration produces a curious mistake: one would imagine from the allusion in these pages that the well-known church of Turmanin was still standing".

May I reply that your reviewer has overlooked my footnote, in which I say that it has been destroyed?

Your obedient servant

T. G. JACKSON.

#### THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlesham Crowborough

18 March 1913.

SIR—I observe in your issue of 15 March the words "Sir A. Conan Doyle is there, who last summer was urging Englishmen to follow the American lead in making a business . . . of athletics. This will and should put good sportsmen off the thing". Would you kindly justify these words. It has been and is my opinion that if we retire in face of defeat the word "sportsman" had better be struck out of our dictionaries, but I have never advocated our lowering our highest amateur standards. I ask you therefore to explain your statement.

Yours faithfully

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

[Our statement is perfectly clear. In its justification we need refer only to Sir A. Conan Doyle's letters and other communications to the "Times" during the Olympic controversy last August.—ED. S.R.]

#### "DESCENDED FROM MOST OF THE IRISH KINGS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sidmonton House Bray Co. Wicklow

3 March 1913.

SIR—Referring to the letter of J. H. Murray in your last issue, of course the above absurd inscription is not in Westminster Abbey.

As to Arthur O'Keeffe, who is buried in the Abbey, and John O'Keeffe the dramatist, they were members of a famous Irish clan whose territory at the time of the Norman invasion extended from Glanworth, Co. Cork, to beyond the borders of the County Kerry. They had castles at Glanworth, Dromagh, Du-aragil, Drumtariff, Drishane, etc., while the head of the clan was hereditary Marshal of the Forces of Desmond—i.e. of Munster. The clan is referred to by O'Heerin in his topographical poem written in Irish in the fifteenth century—frequently quoted by Irish genealogists. The name means "handsome". O'Heerin in his poem writes:

"O'Keeffe of the handsome brown brows  
Is Chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands".

The O'Keeffes derive their descent from Angus the first Christian King of Munster, who was baptised by

S. Patrick.\* The banshee of the clan was Cleena—the fairy queen of Munster—whose subterranean palace was supposed to be near Mallow, Co. Cork.

The territory of the clan has much scenic beauty and is a land rich in legend and romance. Spenser came to live at Kilcolman Castle in the neighbourhood about 1590, where he wrote the "Faery Queene" and "Colin Clouts come home again", and where he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh. Spenser describes its rivers and mountains with a lover's admiration. He describes the whole of Ireland in the well-known words: "As beautiful and sweet a country as any under Heaven".

I am Sir faithfully yours

MICHAEL CROWLEY.

#### THE GREEK FATHERS—CLEMENT OF ROME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—I was glad to see a letter on the subject of the Greek Fathers in your Review. There is no reason why the facts, and especially the literary facts, of ecclesiastical history should not be discussed in the columns of such a journal as yours, and I doubt if we shall ever arrive at the truth so long as the entire subject is left in the hands of controversialists. I may on a future occasion ask leave to raise the question whether S. Peter ever visited Rome during his life, but at present I desire merely to deal with one of the (supposed) Greek writers referred to in your Review—Clemens Romanus. I venture to express my doubts as to whether there ever was such a man.

A great many writings have been ascribed to this Clemens Romanus, but I think it is now admitted that, with one exception, they are all spurious. This exception is an epistle or letter to the Corinthians. But this epistle or letter does not profess to be written by Clemens or by the Bishop of Rome or by any other person. It is a letter from the Church of Rome to the Church of Corinth, and there is nothing in it to indicate who was the Bishop of Rome or whether Rome had any Bishop at the time when the letter was written. At a subsequent date we know that the Church of Rome wrote letters to Cyprian when the Bishopric of Rome was vacant after the martyrdom of Fabian. And we have a remarkable epistle of Ignatius to the Church of Rome, written probably not very long after this epistle to the Corinthians. Now Ignatius is the great early advocate of episcopal authority. He always sends his salutations to the Bishop and urges his flock to obey him. But this feature is missing in his epistle to the Romans. That there was no Bishop of Rome when Ignatius wrote seems to me almost certain. The authorship of this epistle to the Corinthians appears to have been attributed to Clemens because, according to catalogues of the Bishops of Rome which had been made out, he was the Bishop at the time that it was supposed to have been written. Then S. Paul had mentioned a Clemens (though not in a very prominent place) in his epistle to the Philippians, and as this epistle of the Church of Rome has a long reference to S. Paul, it was not unnatural to ascribe it to the Clemens of the Philippians. But there is not the slightest evidence that this Clemens ever visited Rome, while the interval between the time when he assisted Paul at Philippi and the so-called epistle of Clemens (or Clement) could hardly, I think, be less than half a century. And if in the principal forgeries ascribed to Clemens the forger took his description from tradition, Clemens Romanus was plainly a disciple of S. Peter, not of S. Paul. I may add that the writer of this epistle from the Church of Rome to the Church of Corinth was evidently unaware of

S. Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians. He quotes the first frequently with words which indicate that it was the only one. This does not look as if he was very intimate with S. Paul.

The necessity of supplying a catalogue of the Bishops of Rome arose in this way. Several Oriental heretics appeared in Rome in the second century, and Irenæus sought to refute them as follows: "Take", said he, "the Churches which were founded by the Apostles and are connected with the Apostles by an unbroken chain of Bishops. Here we must assume that the teaching and the customs of the Apostles have been preserved; and we find these quite opposed to these heretics". He chiefly relies on the Church of Rome, which he tells us was founded by S. Peter and S. Paul, and was connected with the Apostles by an unbroken chain of Bishops, the first three being Linus, Anacletus, and Clemens (or Clement). It will be seen that Irenæus' object is not historical but controversial, and as the writings of the heretics in question have not come down to us we do not know whether his list was admitted or disputed. But his list, though generally adopted, has been varied by subsequent writers. Some make Clemens the fourth Bishop, his predecessors being Linus, Anacletus, and Cletus, while others make him the second Bishop. Indeed he has been described as consecrated by S. Peter, it being suggested that Linus and Anacletus died in the life-time of S. Peter. The whole thing is so mixed up with S. Peter's residence at Rome that if this residence be given up there is very little ground for the episcopacy of Clemens, who was believed to be his companion. This belief probably arose from the Clementine Recognitions, a work which is now admitted to be spurious.

But about the time that this epistle of the Roman Church to the Corinthians was written there was a very prominent Christian at Rome named Clemens, who, however, appears to have been a layman. Titus Flavius Clemens was first cousin of the Emperor Domitian, of whom his wife, Flavia Domitilla, was also first cousin. The Emperor, who had no children, designed their two sons to be his heirs (apparently passing over Clemens himself). Clemens was in high favour and a Consul; but there was a sudden change, and Clemens was put to death and his wife banished. The discovery of a tablet inscribed "to Clemens, Consul and martyr", seems to leave no doubt as to his creed, and the atheism for which he was executed was probably a disbelief in the gods of the heathen. Eusebius is strangely silent as to this Clemens, but he mentions Flavia Domitilla as having been banished because she was a Christian. In his "Chronicon" Eusebius sets down the death of Clemens the Bishop for the very year in which Clemens the Consul was executed, but in his "Ecclesiastical History" he allows the Bishop to live till the reign of Trajan. I might mention other arguments in favour of the hypothesis that Clemens the Consul was mistaken by subsequent writers for a Bishop and works that he never wrote ascribed to him in consequence.

Truly yours

INVESTIGATOR.

P.S.—Some people seem to think the existence of Clement of Rome is proved by a passage in "The Shepherd of Hermas", a work of somewhat doubtful date but probably written at Rome in the first century. The old lady who personifies the Church says to Hermas that when she has finished what she has to say, he will "write two books and send the one to Clemens and the other to Grapte; and Clemens will send his to foreign countries, for permission has been granted to him to do so, and Grapte will admonish the widows and the orphans. But you will read the words in this city along with the Presbyters who preside over the Church". It seems to me, however, that the Consul would have more means of sending the message abroad than the Bishop of Rome would have, and that if Clemens were the Bishop the delivery of a copy of the book to him would have rendered it unnecessary for Hermas to read it over along with the Presbyters—if indeed that term were not used in a sense wide enough to include the Bishop. (Who Grapte was seems to be unknown.)

\* "The Tripartite Life of S. Patrick", Book III., states: "When S. Patrick went about the Province of Munster Angus son of the King of Munster went to meet him at Magh Feimhin in the lands of Decies and joyfully conveyed him to the Royal City of Cashel where the King believed and was baptised".

According to several writers this prince had his foot accidentally pierced by the saint's crozier or pastoral staff during the performance of the baptismal ceremony and suffered the most acute pain without complaining, thinking, as he afterwards told the saint, that the piercing of his foot formed part of the ceremony.



## REVIEWS.

## A PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS' COLONY.

**"A Colony in the Making: or Sport and Profit in British East Africa." By Lord Cranworth. London: Macmillan. 1912. 12s. net.**

LORD CRANWORTH has discovered East Africa and is filled with an honourable ambition to give "a sceptical and very faintly interested public some slight idea of the climate, of the sport, of the possibilities of gain and recreation in the highlands of" that Colony. We demur to "sceptical" and "very faintly interested", nor admit that East Africa as a Colony is a revelation of "the last year or two", what ever was the date on which it dawned on Lord Cranworth. We demur, moreover, to the author's plea that this is a "small work". Lord Cranworth is modest. It is not a small work—it is, by the way, a "work" very heavy to hold in the hand—and it might have been better if it had been half the size. The author has, plainly, a heart of gold. He means well by East Africa and by his countrymen. He has taken great pains. His book abounds in useful information, and on the whole in sound good sense. And where he is content to write as he probably talks he writes well. His opening was cheerful and spirited. One warns to the man who bids you "wear flannel next your skin" and "do yourself well in the food-line". We dreamed of a breezy work in the manner of Tale-pitcher the Great, which is (if Lord Cranworth will believe us) a manner of Literature. But presently there were symptoms of another master, the "Daily Telegraph" leader-writer (old style)—that blend of the ornate, the uneasily familiar, the insignificant. Conceivably someone in the publisher's office meddling with the author's MS. has done this thing. If so, let Lord Cranworth reckon him in his black list; for an excellent book has been bedevilled, and made longer than it need have been. Quite early it is set forth among the "assets" of the country that "labour in the Protectorate is plentiful and intelligent; a fact that not only increases the value of our land a hundred per cent. but adds more than that on the comfort of living therein". Sixteen chapters on you read that "probably at the present time our Protectorate stands in as good a position for native labour as any part of Africa" . . . which, of course, is saying much! "It may be taken as quite certain that if the adult population worked for three months in every year, it would be many years before the labour supply could be insufficient. Nevertheless, in the past we have had our labour difficulties, and one may be quite certain that they are not yet over." Another pair of shoes! You turn a page or so and hear Lord Cranworth concluding: "Taking the labour question as a whole, I believe that, though undoubtedly the Protectorate has certainly many trials to go through and difficulties to overcome in the immediate future, there is no part of Africa in which the ultimate outlook is better or more assured". "Art thou there, old Truepenny?" sighs the mere South African. It is an old, old tune he hears, and very unlike that abundant labour supply "increasing the value of our land a hundredfold".

There are no other serious contradictions, and one repetition we welcome, for the point it makes is vital: "An over-seer's country" Lord Cranworth calls, and very properly keeps on calling, East Africa. It is admitted that in Canada and Australia the public-school boy is not invariably a success. His qualities are as good as, perhaps better than, they ever were, but he has his defects, which are very fairly and well summarised on p. 183. These defects, grievous in older and, in some ways, rougher Colonies, are, Lord Cranworth urges, in his favour in lands where the native population does all the actual manual work of farm or household. "Thus" he, "the public-school boy, has a great, perhaps an exaggerated opinion of himself; this opinion is apt soon to be shared by his natives, ever prone to take a man at his own valuation. Again, he spends, perhaps wastes, much of his

time at sport, but this is appreciated on the farm, where many of the labourers are, when they get the chance, hunters themselves, and practically all are voracious eaters of fish, flesh and fowl. His very ignorance of farming is far from an unmixed evil in a land where conditions are so new, where so much has to be learnt afresh, and so many old theories are absolutely discarded. And then those virtues which furnish the hallmark of his caste—honour, scrupulous fairness, temper well held in check but not dead; and last, but far from least, a sense of humour, endear him most of all, and enable a man to obtain and hold labour for which his neighbour, perhaps in many respects a better man, offers in vain a higher wage." The case for the public-school boy might be put on stronger grounds, but this will serve, and Lord Cranworth would have him pack up and go to East Africa. Public schools make overseers at least, and here is an overseer's country. Let him come out at twenty-one and spend a year on another man's farm. He will learn his work in that time, how to manage and break oxen, the right method of handling black labour, how to cope with Swahili, the universal medium of conversation, and how to cope with the tropical sun. Then let him settle on his own land. He will need capital; £1200 is here put down as the irreducible minimum. It is distinctly more than he will need in Southern Rhodesia, and how East Africa is to cope with Southern Rhodesia Heaven and Lord Cranworth perhaps can tell. But the game is a vast inducement no doubt. You may be in Matabeleland for years and never see a lion. In East Africa you cannot well miss that satisfaction, even on your first run on the Uganda Railway, and you are sure between Simba and Nairobi of giraffe, zebra, wildebeeste and antelope in thousands. The chapters on big-game shooting, on the game animals of the Protectorate, the several categories of "animals which provide sport", "animals which provide meat or hides", even the black list, already referred to, are admirably done and should take captive the imagination of innumerable public-school boys. The problem of what to make of his eighteen and nineteen year olds sits heavily on the soul of parent and schoolmaster. As an old Etonian, Lord Cranworth, we may trust, has already presented a copy of his book to Mr. Lyttelton. It should be on the table of every headmaster and common-room in England, and, sifted and abridged, have its place in the appreciation of all them that come up to the Headmasters' Conference. Is there a companion handbook of those New Worlds for Old at the service of youth in search of a career and of youth's advisers? There ought to be; and game is the card in the hand of the East African missionary to public-school boys by which he may win many rubbers. Lions—and the presence of lions means game in superabundance—were pronounced in 1905 to be nearing extinction. "We were told that their extermination was at hand, and big-game shooters were advised to hurry up and make the most of their chance, since a year or two would see the lion a *rara avis* indeed. In 1910 and 1911 no less than 795 lions were accounted for, and the cry is still they come. Moreover, this total makes no account of the large numbers which creep away to die from poison and other causes." The rhino and the hippo are still numbered among pests, and the warfare against them is esteemed holy. The eland, first in the order of animals to which the settler looks for meat and hides, has recovered from the ravages of the rinderpest, and is described as both common nowadays and well distributed throughout the highlands. Wildebeeste are rarer. Mr. Buxton saw in 1900 "a herd some miles long and containing many thousands". General Botha told us that he remembers as a child in the Transvaal a similar procession; it was fording a river in the forenoon and was still fording at nightfall. Without going to the back blocks after the bongo and his kind, the settler in East Africa may see the zebra and hartebeeste, the rhinoceros and large carnivora, severely thinned out. Yet "calculate on the preservation of all the other species. . . . Assuredly in the future we may look to the presence

on many farms of eland, water-buck, wildebeeste, impulla, bush-buck, Thomson's gazelle, reed-buck, etc., which will afford the owner and his guests both excellent sport and welcome change of food. Of course, from such pleasant anticipations our brother Boer must be excepted; for, save in the rarest instances, he will first clear his farm of every living thing, and then proceed, if possible, to repeat the process on that of his neighbour." Brother Boer has played the mischief with the game in Rhodesia, but we fancied him less mischievous to East African sport than ex-Presidents of the United States. Lions and leopards Lord Cranworth would kill as "vermin", but not the rarer animals, in which it is perhaps worth noting the devastation which is done in the name of or on behalf of museums. Our author hopes that his nine white rhinoceros sometimes give Mr. Roosevelt a restless night. It would be no bad thing if these chapters on East African sport were bound separately as a sportsman's manual. They gain from Mr. R. J. Stordy's photographs, but not to the extent Lord Cranworth, in his modesty, supposes. The sportsman reader's debt is to the author, and it would be greater if chapters xxiv. to xxxii. inclusive could be carried in a single pocket volume. Of the rest of the book the inevitable criticism must be that there is information for all inquirers, including Lady Cranworth's excellent chapter of "Hints for a Woman in British East Africa", but that we could have "crammed" our East Africa in a work shorter and rather differently arranged. This may seem ungrateful to the author of the lucid exposition of the native position; the chapters on the Masai and Kikuyu could not be better. But the points which Lord Cranworth seeks specially to make—as to settlers and officials, the Uganda Railway, and local politics—do not stand out as clearly as he designed and we could wish. Sir Percy Girouard comes in for praise deserved; he helped to heal certain breaches. The official of to-day, a high-class man but absurdly ill-paid, is deservedly commended. But Lord Cranworth would better his case against the Colonial Office if he had not saddled his brief with Mr. Galbraith Cole. Downing Street has much to answer for, and Sir Francis Hopwood's knowledge of men and manners is bound to be missed there. Lord Cranworth is shrewd when, arguing against amalgamation with Uganda, he points out that "here, if a question is too trivial to become a matter of political"—party—"importance, there is a chance of its final settlement"; and we think with him that Mr. Harcourt, that conspicuous democrat, plucked from the hardships of his present lot, and made a settler of, might see things as settlers see them. But what could the Colonial Office do but make an example of Mr. Cole?

#### "THOSE HOLY FIELDS."

"Everyday Life in the Holy Land." By James Neil. London: Cassell. 1913. 7s. 6d.

"A Camera Crusade through the Holy Land." By Dwight L. Elmendorf. London: Murray. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Immovable East." By Philip J. Baldensperger. London: Pitman. 1913. 7s. 6d.

TWO of these books are written from familiar stand-points, the first from that of an old resident in Palestine—Mr. Neil was chaplain to Bishop Gobat, whose consecration in 1841 had so much to do with sending Newman over to Rome: so he has had a veteran experience—and the second frankly compiled en touriste. Mr. Neil travels over well-trodden ground, but many of the lights which he throws on Scriptural phrases—e.g. "I am the Door"—or on Scriptural narratives—such as the slaying of Sisera by Jael—are new to us. The book will be of assistance to the student, but the many coloured illustrations look like coarse and cheap prints of good oil-paintings.

The "Camera Crusade", on the other hand, is an amateur American production. Its rather foolish title

seems to be meant to indicate that the writer—whom we assume to be a lady—went through Palestine in a religious spirit, taking photographs. But these photographs, a hundred full-page plates forming the bulk of the volume, make it well worth purchasing, being admirably chosen and their subjects unhackneyed. Where figures come in—as in "Ruth and Boaz", the "Joppa Bread-Seller", or "Shepherds Watching their Flocks"—the photographer was very happy in just hitting off a group, or else in getting it to pose naturally. The coloured frontispiece of a woman of Samaria coming out of a doorway sprinkled with blood of the Paschal lamb, to draw water, was taken, we are assured, by pure chance. Many of the pictures look strange to Western eyes. Thus the words "He leadeth me beside still waters" suggest to us some sweet pre-Raphaelite landscape and white fleecy flock, instead of the black, scraggy animals, shepherded along a stony watercourse in an arid expanse, which we see in Plate lxvi. Of course the climate of Palestine has altered greatly, and these denuded and desiccated regions give us little idea of what they must have looked like in Bible times. But anyhow the old religious painters were absolutely right to interpret the narrative in terms of their own time and country. Mr. Neil says they were only parodists. But we rob Christianity of its universality by a laborious antiquarianism. We grant that the modern realism has its utility, especially as everything in the East is made on a stereotyped pattern, and so the transcript convinces. But a transcript is not art, nor yet theology.

Mrs., or Miss, Elmendorf, we should say, keeps herself commendably in the background, even the letterpress being little more than a catena of Scriptural passages. She did not go to the Holy Land to patronise it, but says simply: "I went, I asked, I knocked: I doubt no longer, now I know. The journey on horseback through the Holy Land was a revelation to me; may my description of it be a help to many". At Jerusalem, however, she "received very few impressions pleasant to remember or edifying", though she was not distracted by the competitive claims of holy places—the so-called Gordon's Tomb, we may remark, has no claim to consideration at all as a site of the Sepulchre. At Cæsarea Philippi she recalls that it must have been among the images of pagan gods and close to the temple of the deified Augustus that our Lord asked the critical question, "Whom say ye that I am?" and received at last the answer, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God".

The third volume before us must be classed by itself, for Mr. Frederic Lees claims for it that it is a book about the Orient written from within. Claude Conder, the author's collaborator, has called him "a voice from the East". Herr Baldensperger was born, of German and Christian parents, on Mount Zion, lived as a boy entirely among Bedawin and Fellahin, and from 1880 to 1892 devoted himself to pastoral apiculture in Palestine. On the other hand, we hesitate to regard an ex-chasseur-de-France, who has lived for twenty years past at Nice, who quotes Horace and is an authority at the British Museum and the Institute, as writing from an unsophisticated Arab point of view. After all, the flavour of a country is often caught best by the passing visitor. Still there are many almost unknown sides of Palestinian life which Herr Baldensperger depicts in these sixteen vivid stories and sketches. We are glad that he is still able to choose such a name as "The Immovable East" for the book. We doubt if the East can much longer resist the disintegrating influence of the West, and when Easterns change they have a way of going, superficially, the whole hog. That the modern fellah is just what the Canaanite was four thousand years ago we have some difficulty in believing. The volume is illustrated by good photographs.

It is curious that, whereas the tendency of liberal thought was until recently to try to get behind the Christ of the Creeds and Councils to the "simple Galilean Figure", Modernism is now discarding all concern in the historical Jesus of Nazareth, who may



or may not have existed, and bidding us think only of the theological Christ, the Christ of the still developing and evolving idea. We can imagine the Modernist turning over these pages with some impatience. And yet ours is eminently an historic age. Huxley once accounted for Stanley's summary dismissal of the first chapters of Genesis, contrasted with his belief in the Abrahamic story, by saying that the Broad Church Dean had a vivid historic imagination, and entered eagerly into anything he had ever witnessed. He had seen an Arab sheikh, but was not present at the Creation! Much the same avidity for details of a reconstructed past is a mark of our era. In this case that past is the theatre of man's redemption.

#### SAMARKAND.

**"The Duab of Turkestan." By W. Rickmers Rickmers. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1913. 30s. net.**

THE ingenious title needs some explanation. It is not possible to outline the country called Turkestan on the map. Turkestan is an atmosphere; Mr. Rickmers localises this atmosphere in the field of his research which he then calls "The Duab". Panjab is his analogy; it is between the two rivers (du, two; ab, water), the Oxus and Jaxartes, both of which rise in the Pamirs and running towards opposite ends of the Sea of Aral enclose the vast country in question. You will find in the Duab, says Mr. Rickmers, everything that is typical of and common to the various overlapping and subdivided conceptions of Turkestan, Western, Russian or Chinese, of Turan, Iran, Transcaspiia, Bokhara, Transoxiana, etc. "What is within [these river boundaries] is Duabic, what is without may be Duabic"—or may not. It is to be regarded as one tract of desert and steppe, flat or mountainous, fields and gardens being but oases which occupy only a tenth of the total surface of 250,000 square miles; the population of five million includes representatives of all the races and tribes of Middle Asia.

Mr. Rickmers has produced a book, eloquent, enthusiastic, and learned, grandly illustrated, complete with scientific essays, glossary, bibliography, and a subject index that indicates the immense scope of his observations and interests. "An attempt", he modestly calls his work, "to combine a record of exploration with the teaching of a little elementary physiography"; and he hopes that the difficulties of the experiment may reconcile the general reader, desirous of hearing something interesting and amusing, and the critical scholar in search of information. But the layman, or general reader, will be attracted to the science, as Mr. Rickmers expounds it. Certainly the matter in the appendix is highly technical—the articles on sand and loess, desiccation, glaciation, and other such subjects—but Mr. Rickmers' broad elucidation, during the course of the narrative, of the physical geography of the Duab and its Asian significance is masterly writing that will repay the attention of others besides critical scholars. Apart too from his main scientific inquiry, Mr. Rickmers has plenty to say that is more than merely interesting and amusing to the general reader, for he conveys from the very first pages an impression of sound judgment and also his feeling for the romance of travel. The native life, the folklore and religion, the history and politics of Turkestan—these are subjects on any one of which he might have written a book of, at least, a passing value.

Not so many thousand miles from the Duab, the Russians are advancing into another part of Asia. That by methods of barbarism a once happy and peaceful land has been made desolate is the conviction of many English journalists. It is because Mr. Rickmers is not a journalist that we will, in parenthesis, draw attention to his views on the Russian occupation of Turkestan, although they are expressed by the way and have nothing of the character of pronouncements. That the empire of the Tsar knows how to rule its subject people is, thinks Mr. Rickmers,

beyond dispute. It makes no effort to improve the intellectual and moral standard of the native, and even discourages Christian missions. On the other hand all recent material progress in Turkestan must be traced to the occupation. In Russian life "there is less theory and more humanity of the best kind as well as of the worst"; and among the remnants of peoples that have made one of the greatest histories of the world a new era has begun that promises a wonderful future of industry and commerce. The Duab is the Egypt of Russia.

The general reader who may entertain the vaguest ideas concerning Middle Asia happens across this book and turns its pages idly for the illustrations until his eye is caught by the title of a chapter, Samarkand. There, we wager, he stops. So Samarkand is in Turkestan. Is there anything in names apart from their associations? Some say no; yet assuredly even if we do not recall Tamerlane, the word Samarkand has in it the sound of conquest, above all the names of all the cities in the world. "Vers Samarkand" would be the poetical title of this book, after the example of Loti's "Vers Ispahan" (if S may meet S), although Bokhara, the commercial capital, is not so deadly a place as Loti thought Teheran. It is pleasant to learn from Mr. Rickmers that new commonness is not yet crying about the streets of Samarkand, in spite of progress. The view from the summits of Hazrat-Sultan is still of the most beautiful town in the Duab; and even the modern Russian settlement was nobly planned, thanks to the taste of the excellent administrator Kauffmann. It delights and stirs the imagination to think that among the fragments of the past, of which Afrosiab (which is oldest Samarkand) is composed, may be many of our family papers; for do not some historians believe that to Turkestan, and especially to the Duab, must be ascribed a preponderating influence on the origin of the Aryan peoples?

#### HISTORY WITH AN OBJECT.

**"England under the Old Religion, and other Essays."**

**By Francis Aidan Gasquet. London: Bell. 6s. net.**

ABBOT GASQUET is one of those people whose history is too bad to live and too good to die. No doubt he works it with an object. It must be something more than the joy of research which makes him write of the Reformation settlement and Anglican Orders. He is frankly out to prove something. We cannot help thinking he would be more successful if he sometimes kept his object in the background. Anyhow, he should not pose as an impartial historian. Least of all should he write pompously in the last essay in this book on Editing and Reviewing about the inaccuracy of modern writers. When he says "I have selected the examples named above merely to illustrate my point, that on the serious side of literary work and in the criticism of such work we are at present suffering badly from the disease I will call by the name 'want of thoroughness'", he might be summing up much of his own book. If anyone wants the authorised Vatican version of the Reformation in England, or Cardinal Vaughan's views of Anglican Orders, he will find them clearly summarised in several of these essays. He will also find them well padded by wads of extracts from second-hand authorities. We should not like to say how many pages of the book are filled by these extracts. Some of the essays were originally lectures given in the United States. Perhaps the spoken word was more conclusive than the written. It is certainly significant that Abbot Gasquet was the historian of Mr. Lloyd George's choice in the recent debate on Welsh Disestablishment in the House of Commons. Not that the book is a worthless one. The author is too well read not to deserve some attention. It is never labour lost, for instance, to describe English parochial life in the Middle Ages. Though Abbot Gasquet does not describe it as well as Dr. Jessopp, he draws a vivid picture of the great wealth of the parish churches, and all the more vivid when he makes use of the words of

contemporary witnesses. This is how a distinguished Venetian described it about 1500: "Above all are their riches displayed in the church treasures, for there is not a parish church in the kingdom so mean as not to possess crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, potents and cups of silver". The inventories of the churches support this testimony. The treasure was there, though it is hard to believe that it was all in the parish sacristies. Before village life was pauperised and protestantised there certainly was money to be had for vessels and vestments, and a corporate pride and enjoyment in their use. We condemn the great pillage as strongly as anyone. For generations the joy of life seems to have gone out of the villages; for centuries churches that had once possessed a king's ransom of treasure could show nothing but whitewashed walls and mutilated monuments. But how far would village life have prospered if there had been no Thomas Cromwell? We cannot help thinking that economic changes, the enclosures, for example, and new methods of agriculture and industry would still have revolutionised it even if there had been no religious change. Even without the dissolution of the monasteries and Tudor theology, England would not have remained merry.

With the history of the sixteenth century Abbot Gasquet is on well-worn ground. In describing the sorrows of the Romans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he is in less-known country. One of his chapters is devoted to the English and Irish, another to the Scotch in the evil days of the Penal Laws. Monsignor Ward has recently written their history at some length and with conspicuous impartiality. Abbot Gasquet gives one side of it, the side of the hateful persecutions and the miseries of the victims. There is another side, less creditable to the Romans themselves, but not unnatural in the circumstances, the side of their quarrellings amongst themselves and the consequent postponement of emancipation. To read Abbot Gasquet is to be left under the impression that the Romans were a united family involved in none of those difficulties and divisions which Monsignor Ward recounts at such length. To be told that "the conciliatory spirit of Milner" assisted in "clearing away prejudice and in settling the legacy of misunderstanding between Protestants and Catholics" is to be given a totally new view of the qualities of a remarkable man.

Bishop Milner, we had always thought, was one of the most unconciliatory people who ever lived. His long life was filled from start to finish with strife and controversy. People called him the "bulldog"; his brother Vicars-Apostolic felt and feared the bitterness of his tongue. If anyone was chiefly responsible for the failure of the earlier attempts at Catholic emancipation, it was he. In the end, no doubt, he was justified, but not in his lifetime. By insisting upon the refusal of all concessions—to use a phrase applied to not dissimilar circumstances—he "torpedoed" the various Conciliation Bills. His policy was a bold one; and in 1820 it was proved to be right, for when emancipation came it came without either a Royal Veto on episcopal appointments or salaries for Roman Bishops from the Civil List. But to call him "conciliatory" is surely to pay him a compliment that he would have regarded as an insult. Another of Father Gasquet's chapters deserves mention—that in which he describes the making of Dr. Gregory's Downside. The great school and monastery has had a chequered history. The Odyssey of its founders was well worth telling. Here again Abbot Gasquet's essay can usefully be supplemented by Monsignor Ward's history.

#### EMPLOYMENT VARIATIONS.

"Seasonal Trades." Edited by Sidney Webb and Arnold Freeman. London: Constable. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

HERE is a variety of trades examined by different students with a view to laying bare the causes of interruption in employment. Mr. Webb boldly asserts, at the outset, that "seasonality" is not, even

in a capitalist age, inevitable, and considers that the social adjustments necessary are not beyond the ability of real statesmanship. The help of the Government and of municipalities can be claimed at once, and even with benefit to the general taxpayer. Why not make use of the economic axiom that when trade is bad, labour is plentiful and therefore cheap? It ought to be possible so to arrange new public works contracts that large constructional schemes not requiring immediate attention may be carried out in periods of trade depression. Parliament at last has been invoked with success, the unemployment sections of the Insurance Act compelling masters and men to allocate some of the profits of busy times to an equalisation fund which may be drawn upon by the unemployed in those periods of slackness to which even the best-paid trades seem subject. The benefits engineers, shipwrights, and builders' men are now entitled to claim under the Act will certainly be applied gradually to other trades as experience justifies the extension. From the Labour Exchange system much may be hoped for in the way of placing workmen whose trades suffer from seasonal variations, as all the exchanges are in close inter-communication and have full power to make advances for fares and other travelling expenses.

At first sight the remedy for seasonal variation would seem to be found easily in "dovetailing". Gasworkers are doubly busy in the winter, and in the summer their leisure might well be absorbed by brickworks and the harvest fields. The pattern-maker may become a carpenter, the instrument-maker an electrical worker, or the harness-hand a bootmaker, for all these trades "dovetail". On closer examination however one discovers that industry is becoming far too specialised so to ring the changes, and the skilled man in general must wait his chance of re-employment in his own trade. Lower grade jobs always stand in the way of a skilled man resuming his own trade, and the work itself may even dull his special skill.

The worst enemy of the seasonal worker to-day is fashion, which never quite makes up its mind, yet always demands immediate attention. Nothing can be stocked, as everything must be novel. So we have thousands of tailors, milliners, and dressmakers working long hours for a short spell, and then slackness and unemployment for the rest of the year. There are few good milliners; they are born, not made, and command high wages. But of their undistinguished army of helpers, plodding, uninventive, and without taste, there are far too many—and they fight for the crusts. Not until the average woman develops individuality and learns to "dress to herself" will fashion change, and even then the round of the seasons will always make busy and slack periods. During the last few years the practice of cutting and half-making-up costumes in large factories where work is regular has grown rapidly, and many a woman who fondly imagines she has chosen a cloth to measure is fitted with a stock size which needs but little alteration to fit the average customer. In the clothing trades too there is now in force a Minimum Wages Act, but this of course cannot make work. Combination among the workers themselves is badly needed, and it is significant that where there is no combination wages are worst. No one nowadays questions the economic truth that a trade which cannot pay a living wage had better cease.

It is the strongest belief of Trade Unionism, right or wrong, that the practical supersession of overtime would largely mitigate the trouble of unemployment. As a general rule overtime tends to become uneconomic because in the long run inefficient, and it is by no means improbable that the system of shifts now followed in collieries and certain manufacturing industries may be extended by mutual agreement to other trades.

In unskilled labour the decasualisation now in progress at the London docks shows how much can be done to get rid of an excessive and therefore uneconomic fringe of labour. One company alone in fifteen years has increased the percentage of its perma-



ment men from sixteen to eighty-two. Attempts are being made in provincial ports to follow the same rule, but there, curiously enough, the rooted antipathy of the docker to regular work is the greatest stumbling-block. Here again the Labour Exchanges are helping, and as time goes on less is heard of a plethora of dockers at one port and scarcity at another.

These essays should be carefully read by everyone interested in social reform. They are the outcome of long and careful inquiry, most of the writers having wide practical experience. Particularly useful is the bibliography to each trade.

#### NOVELS.

**"Cease Firing."** By Mary Johnston. London: Constable. 6s.

It is not easy to say why a book which contains throughout little but fighting should be called "Cease Firing", unless the title is meant to offer an articulate echo to what will probably be the feeling of most of its readers before they are half through it. But as it is historical, and the firing between North and South did not cease from the end of '62 to the spring of '65, the period covered by the story, the pious wish of the title (and the readers) must needs go unsatisfied through forty-two chapters. If it be said that it is always possible to put a book down one would be inclined to answer in this case that the author's Verestchagin-like pictures have much of the compelling quality that belongs to those rather harrowing canvases. You don't like the subject, but you can't help taking another look. "Cease Firing" is, however, by no means a book of crude horrors. We are not spared horrors, but apparently the writer sees war—or at least this particular war—first of all as something sad, senseless and wearisome. A gentle melancholy informs even her vivid list of the physical miseries inside beleaguered Vicksburg. And after Gettysburg we read "the fields were all carpeted, a beautiful carpet, a costly carpet, more costly than Axminster or velvet. The figures were horses and men all matted and woven together with skeins of scarlet thread". It wasn't "worth it" is all through the undertone. Most people will agree—with we fear some inevitable loss of interest. Rays of humour enliven the scene occasionally. Steve was a very human coward, and the enterprise of the Vicksburg journal deserved to be recorded. The attempt to combine a general view of the campaign between the years above mentioned with a story that would entitle the book to be called a novel is dexterous, but of course one or the other interest was bound to suffer.

**"The Mystery of 31 New Inn."** By R. Austin Freeman. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

This is nothing more or less than a yarn, and a detective yarn. It is not highly ingenious nor startlingly original; and Mr. Freeman does not, we imagine, claim high literary merit for his yarn. As for character-drawing, there is about as much as there is in "Sherlock Holmes" or the works of Mr. Fergus Hume. Nevertheless it is a perfectly readable yarn. A young locum tenens is called out to visit a weird patient in a mysterious manner by a suspicious character. His friend Thorndyke—who apparently is a person well known to readers of Mr. Freeman's previous books—takes him into some kind of partnership and turns his attention to the mystery of the death of an old gentleman at Number 31 New Inn. Ultimately this mystery and the weird patient are found to be connected, and the plain facts of the case are made clear by the highly intuitive and ratiocinative mind of Thorndyke. All is set forth most engagingly, though at unnecessary length. There is a spirited account of the young doctor's attempt to shake off, in a rapid dodge across London, the suspected tracking of a woman with a swivel-eye; she runs him down in a tea-shop and drops a lump of sugar strongly charged with a fierce poison into his cup when his attention is diverted. Unfortunately—for her—the cup is empty, and he does not take sugar in tea. And so on.

**"The Story of a Ploughboy."** By James Bryce. London: Lane. 6s.

How much of genuine autobiography there may be in this strange book we cannot tell, but the author speaks with minute and intimate knowledge of farm life in Scotland. The story, told in the first person, is that of a ploughboy who rises to be assistant to the factor on a great estate, becomes convinced that our social fabric is thoroughly unsound, throws up his position, and makes for himself a Tolstoyan scheme of life among the poor and outcast. The early chapters describe, with Zolaesque frankness, the devilish cruelty with which a farm-boy can be treated by a brutal ploughman. When the facts have been discovered the boy finds friends, and as he rises in life bids fair to be the proverbial beggar on horseback, callous towards the class from which he has risen. His conversion to a visionary socialism is a sharp repentance from his selfishness. Mr. Bryce can hit off character, whatever one may think of his theories. The meanness and dishonesty that flourish unchecked among builders, contractors, and the like are described with a vraisemblance that may disconcert some of those readers who will be prepared to welcome the writer's criticisms of landowners.

**"Hieronymus Rides: Episodes in the Life of a Knight and Jester at the Court of Maximilian."** By Anna Coleman Ladd. London: Macmillan. 6s.

A fantastic story, informed by an understanding of the period when mediæval Germany and Italy of the Renaissance were intertwined in the high politics of Europe. The book is not documented like "The Cloister and the Hearth", but the writer carries her persons from Flanders to Spain, from the Rhineland to Venice, from Milan to Vienna, giving us glimpses of Imperial pageantry, fugitive loves, stark fighting, court intrigues, showing the savagery that might dominate knights who could yet make a good end. At one moment the hero is twisted on the rack in the dungeon of a private enemy; at the next he is listening at an Italian court to discourses on Plato. Hieronymus, half-brother to Maximilian, though the King of the Romans knew it not, serves his sovereign with passionate loyalty, even though his reason becomes unstable (or is it that it merely seems so?), and he is content for a while to be a jester. The final scene, when for twenty-four hours he is allowed to sit on the Imperial throne, has more than a touch of true tragedy.

**"Cynthia of the Minute: a Romance."** By Louis Joseph Vance. London: Richards. 6s.

Mr. Vance's novels, with their odd mixture of humour and sentimentality, their insistence on wireless telegraphy, and their apparent ruffians with hearts of gold, are not quite of the obvious pattern of sensational fiction. We cannot explain the title of the specimen before us, but the adventures of Cynthia as companion to a grim old lady are entertaining. Her employer, having sunk money in a fraudulent maritime enterprise, was rash enough to go to sea herself with the company of cut-throats. Mr. Vance makes it clear that in these days of Marconigrams the good old maxim, "Once aboard the lugger . . ." has lost its virtue.

**"Heritage."** By Virginia Hawtrey. London: Constable. 6s.

As a study of ruthless egoism this story is remarkable, and reveals unusual imaginative power. Martin Pimblett, reared by a stern father to despise and distrust women, hating the mother whom he had not been allowed to know, carries fierce self-will to the verge of insanity. Contented for a time to treat his cousin, a man of his own age, as certain heir to his lands, he changes his whole plan of life at the moment of a quarrel, sets out to look for a wife, carries by storm in three weeks the heart of a girl, and concentrates his thoughts on an heir of his own. It is far from being a mere study in morbid psychology; the men and women

who play their parts in the drama of Pimblett's Court are of real flesh and blood. And there is a certain dry humour in the book that relieves the clash of character.

**"Darneley Place."** By Richard Bagot. London: Methuen. 6s.

This book is another illustration of the increasing tendency amongst modern authors to over-write their subject. Every author ought to possess or acquire a kind and intuitive, but firm and candid, friend to tell him where his novel wants pruning. The ideal author—the great writer—does it for himself; of old it was the function of the publisher, as it should be to-day. Mr. Bagot is an accomplished writer with a great deal to say; but it appears definitely from this his ninth or tenth novel that he is an artist who spoils his design by over-elaboration. We cannot but consider "Darneley Place" a failure, and, in view of Mr. Bagot's past works, a regrettable one.

### THE "WESSEX" HARDY.

The Works of Thomas Hardy. Wessex Edition. "Desperate Remedies"; "The Hand of Ethelberta"; "A Laodicean"; "Wessex Poems" and "Poems of the Past and the Present"; "The Dynasts", Parts I. and II.; "The Dynasts", Part III. and "Time's Laughingstocks." London: Macmillan. 1913. 7s. 6d. net each.

Three more volumes of prose and three of verse complete this Wessex edition. The set makes a good appearance on the shelf in its dull red and gold binding; the volumes, in spite of their size, are comparatively light in hand, owing to the use of thin paper, and the type is, as usual with the publishers, excellent. The illustrations of the Dorset country are to the point, but why it should be necessary to press a "presentation copy" stamp right through the frontispiece of a volume as well as the title-page we cannot imagine. The three stories which Mr. Hardy classes as "novels of ingenuity" are trial pieces in which he was feeling his way. "Desperate Remedies" is desperately stagey; the comedy in "The Hand of Ethelberta" is not of the sort that Mr. Hardy does best; but "A Laodicean" holds pretty promise of distracting girls to come in the figure of Paula, and some moments of true romance which atone for its crudity. The poems, with which Mr. Hardy began his writing, and to which he has returned in his later years, are even more devastating documents in pessimism than the novels. We hate poetry, says Keats, which has a design upon us, and Mr. Hardy seems determined to emphasise failure and disaster, especially on the sexual side—the many mistakes of love, the bareness of life when love's brief rapture is over. Within a few pages of "Time's Laughingstocks" we come upon the characteristic words "grief-groan" and "pleasure-gleam", "logicless labours", and such lines as

"A fourth dimension, say the guides,  
To matter is conceivable",

which are not poetry at all. Mr. Hardy often packs his verse close with poignant words: they are wonderfully effective within their bounds, but we feel that they have made a successful struggle to get themselves all in. Then again he sinks to some common word or phrase, as when in "The Cave of the Unborn" he writes of the earth as a "beauty-spot". Perhaps he speaks "half in anger, half in scorn", like that Mycerinus whose quick fate was cruelly announced to him, but his philosophic terminology is inevitably dull in verse, as in such phrases as "nescience reaffirmed". At any rate Mr. Hardy is a curious and interesting innovator in poetic style, though we may prefer the accomplishment of simpler pieces like "The Voice of the Thorn", which seems to sigh:

"O winter is trying  
To sojourners here!"

Like the "Wessex Poems", "The Dynasts" is variable in quality, eloquent and verbose, abounding in fine conceptions and dull prose scanned as verse. Mr. Hardy suggests that if it is to be acted at all, the monotonic delivery and dreamy conventional gestures of the old Christmas mummers might by their curiously hypnotising impressiveness suggest a way. But where are the old mummers now? We heard them often years ago; but even then they had begun to be contaminated with that cheap and essentially modern gaiety which is most music-hall, most melancholy.

### BOOKS ON ART.

**"French Artists of To-day." "Manet."** By Louis Hourticq. "Pavis de Chavannes." By A. Michel. London: Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Heinemann's series of "French Artists of To-day" opens in promising form with the volumes on Courbet, Manet and Pavis de Chavannes. It is the métier of the modern artist to shock, and revolt was the key-note of Manet's art. M. Hourticq considers Manet a combination of audacity and uncertainty, but, looking back over the marvellous effects he achieved since he threw down the glove with his *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* and the *Olympia*, one may surely consider his audacity his most salient characteristic. Even a brief bibliography on this great precursor of the Impressionists occupies a page and, with the illustrations, many of which are from private collections, gives some idea of the position in art now held by the painter who told his master, "I paint what I see, and not what others see".

Pavis de Chavannes stands somewhat apart from other French painters of his time, and in the absence of any adequate biography of this artist the brief introduction by M. Michel and the notes by M. Laran are welcome. Unfortunately, Pavis is almost unknown in this country, though in France, and even in America, his work as a decorator on a large scale is amply recognised. His art has always something of the fastidious, the exquisite and the thoughtful, which one would naturally expect of the gentleman-artist from whom the anxieties and hurly-burly of the painter struggling for his living are remote.

**"French Artists of Our Day: Courbet."** By Léonce Bénédite and Notes by J. Laran and Ph. Gaston-Dreyfus. London: Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

The introductory word by the distinguished Director of the Luxembourg Gallery gives in very brief form the essence of Courbet's failure and success as a man, while the notes on some at least of the most remarkable of his pictures deal with his artistic development in sympathetic yet critical terms. This stormy petrel of the Commune was a swaggerer and poseur worthy of Dumas' pen, and perhaps the best-hated artist of those strenuous times, but his very virility won him a high if perilous place in the art of his day, and his influence on Manet, Whistler, Claude Monet and even Fantin-Latour, was undoubted. Whether he was a realist or only a "realiser" it is still too early to say with certainty.

**"Great Engravers." By A. M. Hind. "Rembrandt." "Holbein." "Marcantonio and Italian Engravers and Etchers of the Sixteenth Century."** London: Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

In these volumes Mr. Hind continues the excellent series of reproductions of the great engravers of the world, each being preceded by a brief introduction, followed by a short bibliography and a series of collotype reproductions of the most important plates. In the case of Rembrandt the author has added a chronological list of 303 etchings, arranged according to his complete catalogue, which follows the chronological order of the collection in the British Museum. All the etchings in this volume are from the British Museum collection, and they give some idea of its richness, as well as of the extraordinary versatility of the artist. Holbein's woodcuts are far less well known than his paintings and his masterly series of chalk drawings, yet, as the author points out, these so-called Images of the Old Testament are the most wonderful series of illustrations to the Bible in existence. Of these an admirable selection is given, as also the better-known cuts from the Dance of Death, showing rare fertility of imagination as well as extraordinary craftsmanship. The line-engravings of Marcantonio, once considered the last word in the engraver's art, are out of vogue to-day. His art is too strongly impregnated with the post-Raphaelite spirit for our unacademic tastes, and his followers, like those of the master, have served to tarnish his fame. Reproductive engraving began with Marcantonio, though he, unlike Rubens's engravers, was a free exponent, not a copyist of his model. He was, too, one of the first engravers to use the dry-point so beloved by the modern etcher.

**"Great Engravers: Bartolozzi and other Stipple Engravers working in England at the End of the Eighteenth Century."** London: Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

The name of by far the most fertile of English stipple engravers not unnaturally gives the title to a selection which includes many plates of equal interest by Schiavonetti, John Raphael Smith, William Ward and even Rowlandson, for the popularity that this "essentially feminine art" enjoyed in the eighteenth century almost rivalled that of mezzotint, the other peculiarly English form of engraving. Indeed Schiavonetti's "Cries of

(Continued on page 370.)



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London" after Wheatley were in a very real sense the talk of the town, and it is to be regretted that so attractive a form of reproduction had so short a life as the fifty years from 1760 to 1810 which covered the best work done in this medium.

"Medieval Art." By W. R. Lethaby. London: Duckworth. 6s. net.

Prof. W. R. Lethaby's name is a guarantee of careful and scholarly work, and his volume on "Medieval Art" is a mine of information on a period which has been not inappropriately called the Dark Ages—namely, that from 312 to 1350. From the nature of the case the chief portion of the book is concerned with architecture and the arts of sculpture, mosaic and decoration generally, as applied to and associated with architecture. The ground and sketch plans are excellent, and have the great advantage of being found near the text they illustrate. The book is well illustrated also with photographs, though the author does well to voice the general complaint that no collection of photographs of historical works of art is accessible to the general public. Fortunately, in England private enterprise in this and similar directions is doing all that is possible to fill the gap so unaccountably left open by the proper educational authorities.

"The Van Eycks and their Art." By W. H. J. Weale and M. W. Brockwell. London: Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

A revised and condensed edition of Mr. Weale's monumental work on the Van Eycks, published some four years ago, will be warmly welcomed by students, who, by the present collaboration, are assured of scholarly work brought up to date and including much recent criticism. None can speak with greater authority on this subject than Mr. Weale, whose scrupulous accuracy amounts almost to dryness. Nor does he close the door to future historians, for he suggests that further exploration among the archives of Holland and Belgium may result in yet more light being thrown on this difficult subject. With regard to the vexed question of the authorship of the two brothers, the writers now incline to that of Hubert in the case of the Rollin Madonna, Mr. Johnson's S. Francis panel and the much-discussed "Man with a Pink" in Berlin. In all they accept the undoubted authenticity of some twenty-four works.

National Treasures Series. "The National Gallery." By J. E. C. Flitch. "The Louvre." By E. E. Richards. London: Grant Richards. 2s. net.

The first two volumes of this series of National Treasures, those on the National Gallery and the Louvre, are too limited in scope to serve as more than introductions to the collections. Mr. Flitch does well to point out that the income of the National Gallery has been reduced by one-half since the value of pictures by Old Masters has so enormously increased. It will be news to many that the creation of the Musée du Louvre was officially a work of the Revolution, seeing that it was opened in that year of many beginnings, 1793. Its chief glory lies in the works of the ripe Renaissance, but it is curious to note that its fine collection of Italian primitives is due to the fact that those which Napoleon had looted his successors did not think worth returning.

"The Uffizi Gallery." By Paul Konody. London: Jack. 2s. net.

This book is chiefly concerned with the Italian pictures of the best period represented in the Uffizi, the Northern schools, as is only natural, receiving shorter treatment, though the great Hugo van der Goes and the fine Dürer "Adoration" are very properly reproduced. The principle adopted has been to give a cursory glance at most of the important pictures in the gallery, placing them as far as possible in a kind of logical sequence. The Uffizi Gallery, once a chaos, unequal and ill-arranged, has since the end of the grand-ducal régime been gradually organised and rehung, though even to-day, like the Louvre, it possesses no complete modern catalogue, and for proper appreciation of early Florentine art it is still necessary to go to the Academy. The illustrations, as in the companion volumes, are strangely unequal. Some, like the Melozzo da Forlì "Angel" and the Piero della Francesca Portraits, are quite adequate; others, like the Piero di Cosimo and the Simone Martini, are mere travesties of the originals.

"Portrait Medals of Italian Artists of the Renaissance." By G. F. Hill. London: Medici Society. 16s. net.

In this admirable volume Mr. G. F. Hill, who now worthily fills the position of Keeper of Coins and Medals in the British Museum, and no longer that of Assistant, has given a description of some sixty or seventy contemporary medals, with portraits of Italian artists of the Renaissance. As the author explains, they are chosen solely with an iconographic intention, the question whether they are good

or bad as medals being but secondary. The portrait medal played an important part in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, as the author points out, served much the same purpose as a photograph nowadays, no other form of mechanical reproduction of a work of art being then available. Consequently you sent copies of your medal to all your friends, just as somewhat later you might send a portrait-engraving or woodcut. Of the numerous colotype plates which accompany and illustrate the volume, it is only necessary to say that they are worthy of the Medici Society, the publishers. The author has also had the advantage of access to the chief private collections in England, of which, considering the attractiveness of the subject, there are, unfortunately, too few.

"Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them: Byzantine Architecture." By Edith A. Browne. London: Black. 3s. 6d. net.

The author's object in this series of popular books on the "Work of the World's Master-builders", of which this volume is the fifth, is not only to treat each style as a distinct entity, but to link it with the past and to show its effect on future styles. Thus the story of Byzantine architecture is made still more illuminating when read in conjunction with the volumes on the Romanesque and Norman styles. To the amateur, for whom it is intended, this simple introduction to a formidable subject may well prove helpful, particularly if the illustrations be carefully studied with the short explanatory notices. The illustrations are well chosen from Byzantine buildings in Jerusalem, Constantinople, Ravenna and Venice; and to come to modern times, the exterior of the Roman Cathedral at Westminster fitly closes the series.

"Reviews and Appreciations." By Herbert Cook. London: Heinemann. 10s. net.

Mr. Herbert Cook has been well-advised to reproduce in more accessible form a number of articles contributed from time to time by him to the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts", the "Burlington Magazine", the "Nineteenth Century" and other periodicals. Many are controversial in the highest degree, but all are interesting. The most revolutionary, perhaps, is the attempt to disprove the popular idea that Titian lived to the age of ninety-nine, and was born in 1476-77. Mr. Cook not unnaturally takes full advantage of the fact that nothing is known of the painter until 1511, when, according to Vasari, he would be about thirty-five. He has the fairness, however, to reproduce at the end of his article the criticism of Dr. Gronau, the learned Director of the Cassel Gallery, who defends what may be called the Vasari theory. The chapter on the "Newly-discovered Leonardo", a half-length nude female figure surrounded by flowers, is peculiarly interesting at this moment, seeing that no less than three of the versions here illustrated were exhibited together in the present Winter Exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

For this Week's Books see page 372.

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1. To receive the reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1912.
2. To confirm the appointments of Mr. A. S. Pearse as a Director in the place of the late Mr. J. G. Hamilton, M.V.O., and Mr. W. L. Honnold in the place of Mr. A. S. Pearse, resigned.
3. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. F. R. Lynch and F. Elkan, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
4. To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration for the past Audit.

To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 28th April to the 3rd May, 1913, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 23rd May to the 10th June, 1913, all days inclusive.

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By Order, J. H. JEFFERYS, Secretary to the London Committee.  
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Fourth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of May, 1913, at 11.15 o'clock in the forenoon, for the following business:—

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1912.
2. To confirm the appointments of Mr. A. S. Pearse as a Director in the place of the late Mr. J. G. Hamilton, M.V.O., and Mr. W. L. Honnold in the place of Mr. A. S. Pearse, resigned.
3. To elect two Directors in place of Messrs. F. R. Lynch and W. L. Honnold, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
4. To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix their remuneration for the past Audit.

To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 28th April to the 3rd May, 1913, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 23rd May to the 10th June, 1913, all days inclusive.

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Sundry Liabilities, including Rebates	...	12,137	3	2
Profit and Loss	...	436,597	15	2
		352,569	10	9
		£67,477,477	13	11

Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £6,244,468 19s. ad., of which, up to this date, £4,222,655 12s. 1d. has run off.  
Outstanding Forward Exchange Contracts for Purchase and Sale of Bills and Telegraphic Transfers, £9,804,773 15s. 1d.

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
By Cash in hand and at Bankers	...	3,665,161	3	8
Bullion on hand and in Transit	...	1,266,575	13	0
Government and other Securities	...	1,836,664	3	4
Security lodged against Note Issue and Government Deposits	...	564,000	0	0
Bills of Exchange	...	7,494,153	4	10
Bills Discounted and Loans	...	10,492,967	19	2
Liability of Customers for Acceptances, per Contra	...	1,351,003	8	8
Due by Agents and Correspondents	...	191,598	9	3
Sundry Assets, including Exchange Adjustments	...	125,336	19	10
Bank Premises and Furniture at the Head Office and Branches	...	490,616	12	2
		£27,477,477	13	11

## DIRECTORS' REPORT.

(Presented at the Fifty-ninth Ordinary General Meeting, 19th March, 1913.)

The Directors have now to submit to the Shareholders the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Bank for the year ended 31st December last.

These show a net profit, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, of £453,569 10s. 9d., inclusive of £128,451 14s. 6d. brought forward from the previous year. The interim dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum paid in September last absorbed £78,000, and a further sum of £23,000 has been appropriated to pay a bonus to the staff. The amount now available is therefore £352,569 10s. 9d., and the Directors propose to pay a final dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 14 per cent. for the whole year, together with a bonus of 10s. per share: to add £50,000 to the Reserve Fund, which will then stand at £1,700,000; to add £50,000 to the Officers' Superannuation Fund; to write off Premises Account £30,000, and to carry forward the balance of £132,569 10s. 9d.

Sir Henry S. Cunningham, K.C.I.E., and Mr. William Henry Neville Goschen, the Directors who now retire by rotation, present themselves for re-election.

The Auditors, Mr. Magnus Mowat and Mr. William Adolphus Browne, F.C.A., again tender their services.

The dividend and bonus, free of income tax, will be payable on and after Wednesday, the 26th March.

By Order of the Board,

WM. HOGGAN, Secretary.

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ended 31st Dec., 1912.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Interim Dividend at 30th June, 1912	...	78,000	0
Bonus to Staff	...	23,000	0
Balance proposed to be dealt with as follows:—			
Dividend, at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, for the half-year to date	...	90,000	0
Bonus of 10s. per share	...	30,000	0
Reserve Fund	...	30,000	0
Officers' Superannuation Fund	...	30,000	0
Bank Premises	...	30,000	0
Carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account	...	132,569	10
		352,569	10
		£453,569	10

Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Balance at 31st December, 1911	...	253,451	14
Less Dividend for half-year to 31st December, 1911	...	90,000	0
Reserve Fund	...	25,000	0
Bank Premises	...	30,000	0
Officers' Superannuation Fund	...	10,000	0
		155,000	0
		128,451	14

Gross Profits for the year, full provision having been made for bad and doubtful debts ... 649,827 18 2

Less:—	£	s.	d.
Expenses of Management and General Charges at Head Office and Branches	...	324,770	1
		325,117	16
		£453,569	10

T. H. WHITEHEAD, } Managers.  
T. FRASER, }  
CHAS. R. HYDE, }  
S. JONES, }  
London, 5th March, 1913.

H. S. CUNNINGHAM, } Directors.  
GEORGE HAMILTON, }  
L. A. WALLACE, }  
M. MOWAT, } Auditors.  
W. A. BROWNE, }

as last year; to add £12,000 to reserve, which was £2000 more than last year, and to carry forward a balance of £4911, being an increase of £772 on the corresponding amount of last year. When it was remembered that this was only their sixth annual meeting, and that during that period they had wiped off about £18,000 of extraordinary expenses in connection with the formation of the company and the issue of its capital and Debenture stock, had paid dividends during the first two years at 5 per cent., and for the last four years at 6 per cent., and had created a reserve fund of £44,000, he thought they might fairly claim that all reasonable hope and expectation had been fulfilled, and that they were making satisfactory progress. A careful valuation of their securities showed an aggregate value in excess of their capital and reserve fund. He mentioned last year that the total number of separate undertakings in which they were then interested had increased from 130 in 1910 to 180 in 1911. At the end of the past year they had increased to 207. He expressed satisfaction at the success which had attended their operations.

Mr. J. S. Harwood Banner, M.P., seconded the resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts, and it was carried unanimously.

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## GENERAL INVESTORS AND TRUSTEES.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of General Investors and Trustees, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Mr. John Smith, C.B., Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Manager and Secretary (Mr. James Davenport) having read the notices.

The Chairman said that although he hoped the report would be considered satisfactory, he could not say that the past year had been a good one from a financial point of view. It was true that the trade of the country, measured by statistical standards, had continued satisfactory. There had been an adequate, if not a cheap or plentiful, supply of money for the world's requirements, and there had been no lack of new enterprises offering to the investing public, yet there had been a latent feeling of nervousness and distrust—a fear of what might possibly emerge out of the disturbed conditions of public affairs both at home and abroad. Hence timidity in entering new undertakings and a gradual drooping in the value even of the best securities. This was hardly to be wondered at when they reflected upon the fact that quite apart from the threat of labour troubles they had seen an Empire overthrown in Europe, and while many of the older nations were largely adding to their military and naval resources, and thereby to their financial burdens, and all of them were looking with anxiety to the state of their gold reserves, in the western hemisphere Canada and the Southern States of America were pursuing their marvellous course of agricultural and commercial development and draining the markets of Europe for the means of carrying out their policies. The only wonder was that the effect of all these disturbing elements had not been greater than it had proved to be. But while these facts should make them specially cautious in the conduct of their business, he could not help feeling that the entire absence of any apprehension of panic, or even of serious financial disturbance, was due to the conviction that these clouds would ere long pass away, and that better times were before them. In the meantime they might feel satisfied if they were able to make a comfortable income and to show safe and steady progress, and that they were able to do. During the present year, for the first time, they would have the whole benefit of the Debenture issue. The cost of the issue was £13,669, so that they had only about £186,000 available for the purpose of the company during 1911 and £193,000 during 1912, but as they had now wiped off the balance of cost they would for the future have the full benefit of the £200,000. Deposits and loans showed an increase of £62,500—this was always a fluctuating amount—and on the other side they had made loans to the extent of £54,000. These were of a temporary character, and yielded a profitable return. Investments at £861,000 showed an increase of £16,000, and the cash in hand showed an increase of £4,000. The balance of net revenue amounted to £24,435, against £40,623, after paying interest on Debentures to the extent of £3,040 over and above what they had to pay last year, with a small increase in general expenditure. As showing the general and steady progress of the business in the six years since its formation, he might mention that the annual balances had increased as follows: For the year ended 31 January, 1908, £22,978; 1909, £27,189; 1910, £32,868; 1911, £49,699; 1912, £40,623 (besides £4494 on Debentures), and last year, £42,435 (besides £7533 on Debentures). The practical result of their operations was that they were now in a position to recommend a dividend for the past half-year at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, making 6 per cent. for the year being at the same rate

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